THE Nation

VOLUME 143 NEW YORK • SATURDAY • JULY 11, 1936 NUMBER 2

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The Shape of Things

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DROUGHT IN THE PRAIRIE STATES IS NOTHING new. In the late eighties and early nineties there was a succession of droughts which led to the destruction of vast numbers of cattle and the ruin of thousands of ranches. If our condition is worse today it is because land-hungry settlers allowed themselves to be seduced by a sequence of wet years into believing that the extension of cultivation had changed the climate, or that by methods of dry farming they could cope with the irregular rain fall. What is new is the solicitude the government exhibits for the burnt-out farmers and stockmen. In the eighties and nineties they were left to the mercies of the rugged individualists, who bought up the lands for a song and sold them again to trusting settlers when fortuitous rains brought another "permanent" change of climate. The government still believes that by terracing the land and building dams, water enough can be stored to reduce the ravages of drought to manageable proportions. This serves as a basis for the expenditure of large sums in the drought area and, if next year the rain comes in quantities to set hopes sprouting, it will add to the prestige of the government. But it is in no sense a solution. The late Elwood Mead wisely proposed to evacuate a large proportion of the arid-land farmers and resettle them on land where they could make a living not three years out of five, but every year. Hence the blistering hatred for Mead in the prairie-state small towns. It remains true that the farming population of the dustbowl should in the main be evacuated and the land restored to grass by rigorously controlled grazing. The government fully understands this, and knows that it is wasting the money it is putting into ponds that will themselves dry up. But this is a Presidential year.

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AS WE READ ABOUT THE BIG NAZI SHOW AT Heidelberg, we found ourselves hoping that the American Olympic Committee would not find the money it needs to send its full complement of athletes to the summer Olympics in Berlin—or indeed any money. We are all for letting the Germans enjoy their own insanities in their own way, but it irks us a bit when our compatriots humor their delusions. Insanity was the order of the day at Heidelberg, with representatives, official or unofficial, of 20 American colleges and universities participating at least passively. Before these witnesses and those of 30 other countries, the 550th birthday of Germany's greatest university was made

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the occasion for an orgiastic celebration over the dead body of German culture. One touch in the preparations set the tone of the whole procedure. Where Pallas Athene had stood over the doorway of the building presented to the University in 1931 by a group of American graduates and friends headed by Ambassador Jacob Gould Schurman, a swastika had been placed, surmounted by an eagle; and in the inscription, "To the Eternal Spirit," the word "German" had been substituted for "eternal." In the third Reich the German spirit means the Nazi spirit, and the Heidelberg orators made it clear that the Nazi spirit in the "higher learning" is the spirit of fascist propaganda. We note with a certain chagrin that the British universities did themselves the honor of abstaining. We hope the Americans present got their money's worth out of the show—particularly the elevation of the Rector of the University to a captaincy in Hitler's private army.

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IN PERMITTING DR. GREISER, PRESIDENT OF the Danzig Senate, to insult the League, Hitler appears to have seriously overplayed his hand. In recent weeks everything had broken to the Third Reich's advantage. The powers had demonstrated their inability to prevent the remilitarization of the Rhineland; the collective system had broken down in the Italo-Ethiopian crisis; and the League was beginning to disintegrate of its own accord. Alarmed by Germany's growing military strength, Great Britain and France were moving toward a Western European pact which would have given Hitler freedom to carry out his plans in the East. Poland, whose aid was essential in this scheme, appeared to be coming more and more under Nazi influence. This trend has been sharply reversed by the Danzig affair. Poland has been thrown quite unexpectedly on the side of the League, and Britain has suddenly adopted a somewhat sterner tone toward the Nazis. With the breakdown of negotiations between Germany and Austria, carrying with it the possibility of a Hapsburg restoration, and the whitewashing of Italy by the League the Reich finds itself once more in danger of complete isolation. While Hitler might conceivably avoid further trouble by forcing the Nazi press to abandon its campaign against League supervision of Danzig, the chances are that he has gone too far to turn back. Danzig must be considered along with Memel, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia as the possible scene of the next Nazi coup.

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THE POOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS FOR WHOM H. C. Hopson of the Associated Gas and Electric appealed in his fight on the Holding Company Act are being taken for one of the longest buggy rides in judicial history. For more than two years, A. G. and E. has been using every available legal trick to delay decision on the reorganization procceedings brought against it under Section 77-B by some of its security holders. The action was filed in June of 1934. Not until June, 1935, was Judge Julian W. Mack of the U. S. Circuit Court able to rule that there was a *prima facie* case of insolvency warranting an injunction forbidding transfer of assets without notice. In June, 1936, Judge Mack was at last able to order examination of the company's books to determine its solvency. Thereupon Mr. Hopson asked for Judge Mack's disqualification because the jurist is one of the vice-presidents of Survey Associates, a non-profit making organization which publishes *Survey Graphic*. In October, 1935, *Survey Graphic* published an article by Paul Y. Anderson on A. G. and E. Judge Mack was in Europe when the article was published and said he had never read it; nevertheless he referred the charges to Judge Patterson of the U. S. District Court, who dismissed them as "frivolous." The company then appealed to Justice Cardozo for a stay on other grounds, but was rebuffed. Further delay, however, has been made possible by Presiding Justice Manton on the same issue of "bias," and Judge Mack sailed for Europe without being able to name a special master to go into the company's books. In the meantime A. G. and E. is proceeding under a reorganization plan of its own which was refused registration in Wisconsin and denounced by the Supreme Court of that state. Under this plan, the company has been able to write down $100,000,000 of its fixed interest debt at 50 cents on the dollar and to convert all but $75,000,000 of the rest into junior securities. Meanwhile, time passes and the statute of limitations operates.

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THE ITALIAN NEWSPAPERMEN WHO whooped and shouted at the Emperor of Ethiopia when he stood up in the Assembly of the League of Nations and asked: "What answer shall I take back to my people whom you promised to defend?" were surely not gentlemen. They were undignified, indecorous, unsportsmanlike, and plain ruffianly. It was entirely proper that they should have been ejected from the meeting and from Geneva. Mr. Eden and Premier Blum, on the other hand, who made speeches on the following day, spoke with all the high mannerly traditions that one would expect from an English gentleman and a Frenchman. But it is doubtful if the Negus was able to take much more comfort from their good manners than from the Italians' insults. For the gist of their remarks was that Ethiopia was to be abandoned to its fate as an Italian conquest, and that at least for the present collective security might be accepted in principle but was to be eschewed in practice. The only forthright statement made at the meeting—with the exception of certain realistic sentences from Mr. Litvinov—was made by Charles te Water, delegate from the Union of South Africa. Renunciation of collective action, he said, could only be taken as a complete abandonment of all that the League stood for. Chaos and the spectacle of nations hastening to rearm were taking the place of what for a time offered high hopes for an orderly world. But it was not yet too late to reaffirm and maintain collective security, and his government, Mr. te Water added, was prepared to cooperate to the full in such a move. His words fell on ears already deaf to any sounds but those of long range guns. Haile Selassie must take what consolation he can in the thought that France and Britain, when engaged in cutting throats, do it in the best possible taste.

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MR. WALTER LIPPMANN IS CHAIRMAN, AND Messrs. Richard Whitney, Walter Gifford, Winthrop Aldrich, George F. Baker, among others of the cream of Wall Street, are his faintly inappropriate fellow-members of a committee appointed by the Harvard overseers to survey the work of the department of economics. By a not-at-all remarkable coincidence, the gist of the committee's report is identical with that of Mr. Lippmann's recent speech at Rochester—namely, that professors should keep out of politics. Of professors active in public affairs he says, "Nothing they say can be relied upon as disinterested. Nothing they teach can be trusted as scientific." But the academic detachment advocated by Mr. Lippmann, would result in atrophy, not objectivity. "If the professors try to run the government," he asserts, "we shall end by having the government run the professors." But the thought never appears to enter the marble halls of Mr. Lippmann's mind that his attempt to prescribe the duties of a university faculty is more dangerous to academic freedom than the political activity of an occasional professor. But the worst flaw in his logic comes in his conclusion that our administrators, who, he asserts are mentally mediocre, should nevertheless not be assisted by the expert advice of scholars whose minds are far from mediocre. This sort of nose-to-the-ground thinking, without raising his eyes to see what he is running into, is characteristic of Mr. Lippmann. He may write, as a colleague remarked in the *Herald Tribune,* "like a revolving door," but he thinks like a bird-dog.

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THE NEW YORK CITY AFFAIRS COMMITTEE has issued a report on relief conditions in America's largest metropolis which should be compulsory reading for all voters in the fall elections. The recovery of the past year, it points out, has been accompanied by increased rather than diminished needs on the part of the unemployed. Owing to the steady depletion of resources of men who have been without work from three to five years, the number of families requiring aid has increased from 325,000 a year ago to more than 400,000 today. Food allowances are the same as a year ago despite an 8½ per cent rise in prices. Grants for rent are still limited to a maximum of $25, although the average rent in most districts ranges between $30 and $40 a month. The $25 maximum is only available to families of nine or more persons living in steam-heated flats with private baths. In 1935 the average clothing allotment was only $12.05 per family, and there is no allowance for household supplies, carfare, or recreation. An allowance for ice has been permitted during July, August, and September, but only where there are children under six years of age. Indefensible though these conditions are, they are princely compared with the situation in New Jersey since the termination of state aid. A recent survey by the American Association of Social Workers covering 41 districts in that state reveals that food allowances have been cut 50 to 75 per cent, that no rent payments at all are made in most communities, that no gas or other fuel is provided, and that in a number of areas no clothing is issued. Relief is suspended if any person is employed—or is offered a job—even though it is clear that the amount earned is insufficient to support a family. This is typical of what may generally be expected if relief is, as the Republicans advocate, returned to the local communities.

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THE SUICIDE OF ALEXANDER BERKMAN, ILL and discouraged, in his exile at Nice, is symbolic of the fate of the anarchist movement in a world which tends to become increasingly absolutist and authoritarian. Anarchism as a political movement is by its very nature self-defeating. Refusing to meet organized exploitation with organized resistance, it is driven either to acts of terrorism against individual exploiters, or, in case it is confronted with the opportunity to seize power, as in Italy before the march on Rome, to refuse and thereby pass on the power to its enemies. Berkman combined hatred of exploitation with a desperate courage and the inability to understand that the assassination of an individual exploiter leaves the exploiting process untouched. His attempt to kill Henry Clay Frick during the Homestead strike of 1892, brought him a long jail-sentence and furthered the cause of American labor not one jot. From the time of his release, his life was a series of persecutions, and of disappointments not the least of which was the failure of the Russian revolution to proceed in accordance with his own ideas. The monograph in which he gave vent to his indignation against the Soviet government is one of the most pathetic and unintentionally funny social writings of modern times. The tragedy of his life lay in the fact that he was a utopian idealist striving for social justice in a world where even the first feeble steps toward justice must be associated with the organized force which as an anarchist he abhorred.

Watch Steel!

WATCH steel during the coming months. It will bear watching. The organizing campaign that John L. Lewis and the Committee for Industrial Organization have started reaches beyond steel and touches the roots of our economic life. What happens in the drive to unionize the steel workers is freighted with a three-fold meaning.

Its first and most immediate bearing is on the internal struggle within the labor movement. The craft-industrial unionism war within the A. F. of L. has been dramatized as a struggle between President William Green and John L. Lewis. But it is more than a personal battle for control. It is a struggle to determine whether the base of American labor power will be shifted to the thirty million as yet unorganized workers in the mass production industries. The steel industry, now less than one per cent organized, stands out as an example of such a mass production industry. It is significant that Mr. Lewis and his associates are facing the fire not only of the Iron and Steel Institute, the employers' organization, but also of their own comrades in the American labor movement. What is a declaration of war against Eugene Grace and J. P. Morgan is a declaration of revolt from the traditional A. F. of L. leadership, which has thus far completely muffed the problem of or-

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ganizing the mass-production industries. As we go to press we await information as to the action of the executive council of the A. F. of L. toward the member unions of the C. I. O. The only statesmanlike course for the council to pursue would be to postpone action until the whole issue can be openly thrashed out in the coming convention.

The second, and larger, meaning of the present steel organization drive is that it marks the coming-of-age of American labor in its confronting of the realities of American industry. The steel industry has been responsive to the main line of movement in industrial history. It is large-scale, it is, through its unofficial price agreements and its concentration of control, monopolistic; it is banker-ruled, and in its union of industrial technology with banker-control it shows finance-capitalism at its strongest; it is feudal in its hegemony over company police, company unions, company towns; it is savagely and articulately anti-labor. The struggle in steel will be a struggle between the most entrenched industrial group in America and a labor group which has finally reached a mature understanding of the task and the strength of the American workers. The utterances of John L. Lewis and Philip Murray are as unflinching as those of the Steel Institute. The half-million dollar paid advertisements of the Steel Institute in 375 newspapers was answered by the reading of a declaration of independence at the Homestead mass-meeting which is described elsewhere in this issue. And when Mr. Lewis in his radio speech on July 6 said "my voice tonight will be the voice of millions of men and of women employed in America's industries, heretofore unorganized" he was uttering not a boast nor a wishful thought but a realizable prospect. There is a young leadership springing up in steel as there is in rubber, in automobiles, in glass, in textiles, which is ready to go to battle not recklessly but with a full knowledge that they are confronting, as in steel, a five-billion dollar industry.

The thing to watch most, however, is the relation between the steel struggle and the Presidential election. The C.I.O., as Mr. Hardman points out in his article in this issue, is the heart of Labor's Non-Partisan League for Roosevelt. Nothing is more essential for the Republicans than to discredit and demoralize the new unionism movement. They will be pursuing good strategy if they seek to intensify the dissension within the A. F. of L., thereby splitting the labor vote. They will be pursuing even better strategy if they can smear Mr. Roosevelt with the charge of labor violence. That is the deepest meaning of the ultimatum which the Steel Institute, a Republican stronghold, has issued. We are convinced that the union organizing committee is aiming only at legal objectives, for labor's right to organize has not yet been outlawed. We are convinced also that it intends to use only legal methods. In fact, its whole hope for success lies in the avoidance of violence. But we are not so certain that the steel owners wish to avoid violence. In the first place, their best weapon is the attempt to prevent mass picketing and freedom of assembly—an attempt that can be carried out only by armed deputies and by tear-gas or worse. Secondly, if they can provoke a strike it can be used as a stick with which to beat Roosevelt. Nothing could be more disastrous to Mr. Roosevelt than to have to carry on his campaign in the midst of a strike which, once it starts, is almost certain to involve not only steel but the allied industries as well. Everything that happened in the strike would be distorted and laid at his door, because of his closeness to Lewis and his group.

That this is the strategy at once of the Steel Institute and the Landon managers cannot be doubted. That Mr. Lewis and his associates have their own strategy is equally clear. The coming summer months will be hot in more than one sense.

That Horrible Deficit

EXHIBIT A in the Liberty League's case against the New Deal is the enormous increase in the public debt which has resulted from the Administration's efforts to lift the country out of the depression. By dint of a careful selection of figures the exhibit can be made extremely impressive. The $4,764,000,000 deficit for the fiscal year ending on June 30 was the largest for any peacetime year in American history. In the three years that the Roosevelt Administration has been in office the national debt has increased approximately $13,000,000,000, or nearly 65 per cent. No one likes to be in debt, and the fact that the country as a whole owes nearly $34,000,000,000 —$270 for each man, woman, and child in the country— can be made to sound terrifying to a person who does not understand the principles of national bookkeeping.

The picture is not, however, as dark as Republican propagandists would have us believe. Despite all appearances, the government's fiscal position has definitely improved for two successive years. Owing to better business conditions, the past year has seen substantial gains in the receipts from the income tax, miscellaneous internal revenues, and customs, which have brought about a $750,000,000 increase in ordinary government receipts. Moreover, as Secretary Morgenthau points out, two factors for which the Administration had no responsibility—the invalidation of the AAA processing taxes and the passage of the soldiers' bonus—accounted for $2,150,000,000 of the 1936 deficit. Another $350,000,000 was spent for amortization of the national debt and can hardly be considered as part of the deficit. Regardless of responsibility, the invalidation of the processing tax represented a real loss of revenue and must be taken into account. The soldiers' bonus, on the other hand, was an obligation which was incurred ten years ago, and the only charge that can properly be levied against this last year's budget is the extra cost involved in immediate payment as against payment in 1945. Allowing $200,000,000 to cover the cost of amortizing the bonus over ten years, the true deficit for the year was approximately $2,900,000,000, a reduction of $300,000,000 from 1935 and of $700,000,000 from 1934. Omitting the bonus altogether, this year's deficit is practically the same as that incurred in each of the last two years of the Hoover Administration.

As far as the pocket-books of the American people are concerned, the amount of debt means very little. What

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counts is the amount of money which must be collected annually to meet interest charges. Here the Administration is in an extremely favorable position, for the total interest burden for the past year was actually less than for any year between 1920 and 1927, and was only 10 per cent above the 1929 level. Expressed in per capita terms the debt seems large, but it is really extremely low as compared with the British per capita debt of nearly $850. If American deficits continued as in the past three years—taking the maximum possible figures for the past year—it would be eighteen years before our per capita national debt would reach the present British figure.

When the Treasury can float long-term loans at 2¾ per cent and have them sell at a premium as soon as they are issued, there is no reason to be perturbed about the government's credit. Nor can government borrowing produce an inflation as long as it represents true borrowing. The real fiscal problem facing the country, which is glossed over in recent Federal Reserve statements, is to be found in the tremendous inflational potentialities of the huge gold stabilization fund and the member-bank excess reserves, the results of devaluation. In the latest Federal Reserve statement excess reserves are listed as $2,670,000,000—enough to support a $26,000,000,000 expansion in credit—but this does not include the very substantial part of the Treasury's $2,700,000,000 cash balance which is deposited in the Federal Reserve banks and which may also serve as a basis for credit expansion once it is spent. The fact that the Federal Reserve Board has found no solution for this problem, despite repeated conferences on the matter, may mean that no adequate solution exists within the limits of our present monetary system. It is this situation rather than the budget which will best bear watching during the coming months.

Vatican Over Hollywood

IN spite of the fact that Mr. Will H. Hays, czar of the motion-picture industry, is listed in "Who's Who" as an elder of the Presbyterian church, it is the Catholics who apparently have the inside track at Hollywood. The motion-picture producers have always lived in terror of government censorship. In lieu of it they were only too willing to accept the production code written by the Catholic church in 1930. By 1934, when the Catholic Legion of Decency, born in Cincinnati, was in full flower, Joseph Breen was appointed and given dictatorial powers to pass on stories before production. At that time, *Variety*, omniscient of the stage and screen, could predict that "possibly the Cincinnati decision may resolve itself into a papal encyclical ruling specifically on the Catholic attitude toward motion pictures the world over." That the church censorship before production is thoroughly effective is indicated by the list of accepted and prohibited pictures issued by the Legion of Decency as of July 9. Out of 277 pictures passed on by the organization, only 4 are condemned, although 30 are listed as objectionable in part—among them the heretical "Things to Come" by H. G. Wells.

The papal encyclical of July 2 comes as a sort of accolade to what the church has been permitted to do for the morals of movie goers in the United States—and as a promise of what may be done in other countries. The Pope's letter is clear, orthodox, and as always, unexceptionably phrased. "We call to mind," it says, "that it is necessary to apply to the cinema a supreme rule which must direct and regulate the greatest of arts in order that it may not find itself in continual conflict with Christian morality or even simply with human morality based upon natural law." One need not quarrel with this description of the cinema as the greatest of arts; if one is a member of the Catholic church, one need not perhaps quarrel with the thought of imposing a supreme rule upon it, or with the ability of the church to recognize and protect Christian or "human" morality. But some seventy millions of Americans attend the movies every week, and in 1934 there were in the United States something over twenty million Catholics. What the non-Catholic movie goers are entitled to decide, therefore, is whether they wish to have their films censored in advance by the Catholic church.

The grounds of church censorship are vague and a little hard for the layman to understand. Heretical doctrine, one of the pillars on which the Index Librorum Prohibitorum rests, is more easily defined than "immorality." Both figure largely in the censorship of motion pictures. In practice, almost any amount of sexual or other irregularity may be at least indicated—not too explicitly—provided there is either "repentance" at the end or punishment for the unregenerate sinner. Thus in the G-men pictures which have lately been so popular, when audiences may watch machine guns in action through several reels, it is forbidden to "glorify the criminal"; after a long career of hair-rising adventures, he must be shot by triumphant federal officers at the fade-out. But Sinclair Lewis's "It Can't Happen Here" was not permitted even to be filmed; and the current production of "Fury," an admirable tract against lynching, suffered a number of changes in production—notably in removing from it certain references to Negroes—which made it less of a significant social document than it might have been.

Film censorship as it operates in the studio today, therefore, seems to include politics as well as morals, local taboos as well as church doctrine. It works, in other words, no better than censorship has ever worked anywhere. The motion-picture goer is entitled to demand that his films be offered to him as his books are offered to him—in conformity with the laws with regard to obscenity and public decency, but otherwise uncensored. If the New York *Times* hired a lieutenant of Hitler's to blue-pencil its European news, there would be cries to high heaven; if the Soviet Government should presume to decide that no books criticizing the Russian revolution could be sold in the United States the air would be filled with thunder. Coming closer to home, we have valiantly resisted every attempt to impose a general federal censorship of printed matter. Our danger at present is from over-zealous, cohesive groups which may exert pressure on art or life. There is no conceivable justification for the presence of the National Legion of Decency in the cutting rooms and on the production lot in Hollywood.

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Lemke: Crackpot for President

BY PAUL W. WARD

Washington, July 6

ALF M. LANDON and his patrons had no just cause to feel elated when, with the blessing of Father Coughlin, William ("The Bishop") Lemke on June 19 tossed his cap into the Presidential ring as the nominee of an amorphous nonentity called the Union Party. Mr. Lemke will be running in November at the expense of the Republican nominee and not, as Mr. Landon, his aides, and mentors so patently believe, at the expense of Mr. Roosevelt. It is already obvious that the only considerable issue in the campaign is Roosevelt himself and that the only votes Landon stands to get are not pro-Landon but anti-Roosevelt votes. Those are also the only votes that Lemke and his running-mate, Thomas Charles O'Brien, stand to get, and Mr. Landon can ill afford to spare them any.

The Republican high command's hope that Lemke will split Roosevelt's liberal, farm, and labor support and pave the way for a G. O. P. triumph in November is based on three false assumptions. The first of these is that Lemke, with the aid of Coughlin, Townsend, and the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith, will roll up a sizable vote. This assumption immediately runs afoul the unquestionable fact that Lemke won't be able to get on the ballot in many states because most states are equipped with laws to prevent the rise of "third" parties. The assumption is further weakened by the fact that, as better men than Lemke and his pals have found, it takes far more than four and a half months to build a political machine capable of getting out the vote and seeing that it is counted.

But where the assumption falls completely is in its acceptance of Coughlin, Townsend, and Smith as politically potent figures. No more overrated men than Coughlin and Townsend ever happened upon the American political scene. Mr. Smith has nowhere else to go. What power he may have had died with his liegelord, Huey Long, leaving him with only the self-contained powers of a backwoods rabble-rouser. His claim to a following of 5,000,000 is palpably absurd.

The claim of Townsend that he controls 15,000,000 votes is equally absurd. He and his organization have yet to demonstrate effective political strength. Their defeats at the polls have been far more numerous than their successes, and most of the latter have been questionable victories. They have adopted the old trick of claiming the probable winner as their candidate, knowing that few politicians will repudiate an offer of support from any group.

Coughlin is another whose power to deliver votes is at least unproven, if not mythical. There is every reason to believe that his popularity has declined sharply in the interim. According to apparently reliable reports, his collections had been falling off of late. A study of the rise and fall of those collections, incidentally, has shown that Coughlin's supporters are so scattered and so relatively few as to be of no political consequence.

Lemke for President

The belief that Lemke will roll up an effective vote in at least the key states is the second of the untenable assumptions on which Republican hopes are based. It immediately raises the question: What are the key states? When you have answered it, you will discover that they are not the states in which Lemke has a chance. They are, instead, the industrial states—Ohio, Michigan, Pennsylvania, New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. For these Lemke, who speaks the agrarian tongue, will have little or no appeal. What strength he has will be concentrated in the farm states of the Mid-West, and by deflecting anti-Roosevelt votes away from Landon in those states Lemke will lessen the Republican nominee's chances of winning even the nucleus of the electoral-college vote he must have to reach the White House. And what of the Catholic and anti-Catholic vote? Certainly the recognizable Catholic vote is not going to Landon, the Methodist, and just as certainly it is not going to follow Coughlin, for most of his fellow priests will shoo it away. Such as it is, it always has been concentrated in the Democratic Party. As for the anti-Catholic vote—it is most powerful in the South, which even the Republican high command privately concedes, along with the West Coast, to Roosevelt.

The third and basic fallacy behind the hopes of the

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Republican high command is its belief that Lemke will pull liberal, farmer, and labor support away from Roosevelt, regardless of the fact that Lemke, like all other minority party condidates, will have to labor against the din set up by major party politicians screaming their ancient call: "Don't throw your vote away." There would be some merit in the assumption if Lemke truly stood to the left of Roosevelt. He stands, instead, on a platform which holds no lures for liberals or radicals. It is a hodgepodge of what passed for progressivism twenty or thirty years ago, a mixture of Populism and Old Guard Republicanism. It is a fanatically isolationist and militarist document certain parts of which might have been written by Hearst. Certain other parts exhibit traces of a timid, dishonest Townsendism, topped off with a promise of low taxes for everybody and limitation of individual net income, gifts, and inheritances. For the boys in the goiter belt there is a plank pledging "production at a profit for the farmer."

Such liberals as can be prevailed upon this year to cast a "protest" vote will certainly not snap at such pork rinds as these the Union Party offers in its platform. Their votes will go instead to Thomas and to Kansas's other favorite son, Earl Browder. The presence of the fascistic Coughlin at Lemke's elbow would be enough to scare them away, if Lemke's platform itself did not suffice. As for the labor vote—it is nonsensical to expect that Lemke can snare any appreciable portion of it. For the first time in post-war history the labor vote is being rounded up in effective fashion, and the group riding herd on it, Labor's Non-Partisan League, will deliver it lock, stock, and barrel to Roosevelt. There remains as possible ammunition for Lemke only the farm vote and that solely in a few wind, flood, and drought-gutted states such as his own North Dakota. He and his clan have never been able to muster sizable support in the more prosperous farming areas of the Mid-West. Furthermore, he will have the opposition even in this region from the Norris-La Follette-Commonwealth Federation groups, and the Farmer-Labor party, the last-named led by Governor Olson, of Minnesota. Spokesmen for all those groups have denounced Lemke for his Union Party bid. The National Farm Holiday Association, on whose support he counted, has just turned down in convention at St. Paul a resolution endorsing the Lemke ticket.

Nearly all these groups earlier in the year had considered various proposals for amalgamating and launching a bona fide national Farmer-Labor Party and for various reasons all had turned them down. The sudden and unheralded birth of the Union Party came as an unwelcome surprise to them. Parturition appears to have taken place in New England on the estate of Frances P. Keelon, a New Yorker, who is reported to share Father Coughlin's taste for speculation in silver. Precisely whose idea it was is not yet discernible. That it reached Coughlin before it reached Lemke is almost certain. The theory of the Democratic high command that the attending obstetricians were certain Republican leaders of Liberty League stripe is at least worthy of consideration in view of the apparent willingness of that gang to throw money away on anything that promises to add to the attack on Roosevelt. It gains further color from the appearance of Townsend in the picture and the past dickering of Republican missionaries for a $75,000 interest in the Townsend organization.

How this party with no members came to pick Lemke, an obscure Congressman, as its Presidential nominee is less swathed in mystery. Lemke formed an alliance with Coughlin when the radio priest came to the support this year of the Frazier-Lemke farm-mortgage refinancing bill which would have cured all the ills of the body politic by injecting a $3,000,000,000 emulsion of greenbacks. Lemke, a man easily duped by flattery, was receptive to the nomination offer not only because it cozened his overweening self-esteem, but also because he had come, in just those last few weeks of Congress, to hate Roosevelt with all the hatred of an Al Smith or a Du Pont. He had been given to understand—or thought that he had been given to understand—that Roosevelt privately favored the Frazier-Lemke bill and would sign it if it were passed by Congress. By an almost inconceivable feat of one-man lobbying and buttonholing Lemke had forced his bill to a vote in the House, only to see it crushed under the Administration's steamroller.

The experience set his teeth on edge and plunged him into his present anti-Roosevelt alliance with Coughlin, Townsend, and Smith. A similar reaction, according to men long connected with North Dakota politics on Lemke's side of the fence, had carried him into the Non-Partisan League from which he gets what little reputation he has as a liberal. It is reported by these men that when Lemke entered the Non-Partisan League it was as a violently partisan Republican, filled with hatred of Wilson, and that his animosity toward Wilson was due to Wilson's Mexican policy and the fact that Lemke's landholdings in Mexico were suffering as a result. The men who tell this story insist that Lemke is impeccably honest and reject the assertion of radicals from his territory that he is "only another professional farm leader," meaning a racketeer.

Born to pioneering parents at Albany, Minnesota, fifty-eight years ago, Lemke had been raised on a farm in a godforsaken northeast corner of North Dakota, had been graduated as a bachelor of arts from the state university in 1902, and spent the next three years studying law there and at Georgetown Law School and Yale. The last-named institution awarded him his law degree in 1905, and he thereupon returned to Fargo and set up a law shop. His practice was with farmers and farm organizations. He reports in the *Congressional Directory* that he "has been connected with practically every farm organization in the Northwest as attorney or as active member, including the Farmers' Union and the Cooperative Exchange." He achieved at least local renown as "an authority on the Constitution" and remains one of the gentry who believe that anything can be done under that document, including the setting up of a dictatorship. It was his work as counsel for the old Equity Cooperative in its fight against the grain exchange that brought him to the attention of the Non-Partisan League, when North Dakota's farmers were about to abandon economic for political action.

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Lemke became a member of the Non-Partisan League's national executive committee, a post he held from 1917 to 1921. Beginning in 1916 he also held for a similar period of years the chairmanship of the Republican state central committee, and it was principally the G. O. P. in North Dakota that the league set out to capture. The character of its following may be gathered from the fact that its first Congressional candidate, John Baer, now a cartoonist for *Labor,* achieved election by wowing the voters not with an exposition of his views, but with a series in which he showed them how a sketch of the American eagle could be turned into a portrait of Uncle Sam and a picture of a hog into a profiteer. Townley, the league's Mark Hanna, had hand-picked Baer, just as he hand-picked all the league's other candidates.

This is the same Townley who, according to reports published in the Minnesota press, got $100,000 from the Republicans to run against Governor Olson in 1934. Lemke, his first lieutenant, was similarly supported by the Democrats when he ran for Congress in 1932, the Roosevelt gang financing his campaign as a Republican in exchange for his support of the New Deal. They had needed a man capable of drawing a crowd in those parts, and Lemke filled the bill. He was credited with having carried the state for Roosevelt as well as for himself as Representative-at-large. He is apparently as expert a rabble-rouser in the north country as the Reverend Mr. Smith is in the South. His long face, a maze of freckles and pock marks, set off by a prognathous mouth, one eye that is glass, and one that is genuine but peculiarly cocked, apparently is no more of a detriment there than is his hysterical, high-pitched voice and his thigh-slapping method of pounding home a speech. Undoubtedly his reputation as an unyielding dry is also an asset.

The league which he helped to organize and raise to power in North Dakota was incessantly entangled in financial difficulties. The farmers who supported it had little cash throughout most of the year and paid their subscriptions in post-dated checks which then were hocked with friendly banks. The league had been in power only a little while when this practice brought its house down around its ears. William Langer, a turncoat, who had been a league member, provided the necessary push that started the avalanche. The state's blue-sky law commissioner, who also was state bank commissioner, was in Florida investigating a sisal plantation Townley was promoting there as part of a scheme to make and sell binder twine to North Dakota farmers, to whom he also hoped to sell stock in the enterprise. At this propitious moment Langer managed to have one of the league's friends, the Fargo Scandinavian-American Bank, closed, and out of this closing grew charges that Lemke and his pals had caused the state-owned central bank to deposit public funds in an institution they knew to be insolvent. Out of the charges grew indictments, naming Lemke among others. Thrown out as faulty, the indictments were redrawn and one man was tried and convicted under them. But the indictment against Lemke was quashed.

Then came reaction against the league in which he was a ringleader, and the electorate resorted to the power of a recall election which the league had given them. Lemke, who had been elected Attorney General in 1920, Frazier, who had been elected Governor, and John N. Hagen, the state's Commissioner of Agriculture and Labor, were recalled in 1921. Frazier the following year ran for the United States Senate as a Republican and league candidate and was elected. He has been in the Senate ever since and has been generously described as "an old plowhorse who needs a big field in which to turn around." Lemke, embittered by the results of the recall election, retired to private practice and took no further part in politics until 1932 when he sought and obtained election to the House as a pro-Roosevelt Republican. He was reelected in 1934 on much the same grounds. Except for his constant striving to put through his inflationary farm-mortgage refinancing bill—an effort traceable to the fact that two-thirds of the farms in his state have been foreclosed—he has been undistinguishable from any one of a hundred other New Deal Congressmen.

The record shows that he has voted for most of the New Deal measures which he now reviles, including the AAA and the NRA. He voted for the Guffey bill, the 1933 gold-contract bill, the 1934 Gold Reserve Act, the HOLC, the FEPA, the $4,880,000,000 work-relief bill of 1935, the TVA, and the holding-company bill. There is no record of how he voted on the Wagner Labor Relations Act. He voted against the Social Security Act, which he now calls "a social fake . . . inaugurated to head off old-age pensions." His talents as a creator of legislation have been devoted chiefly to such measures as the Frazier-Lemke bill. His preoccupation with the black arts of monetary manipulation is described by long-time friends as a relatively new obsession with him. It has earned him among his House colleagues the title of "Crackpot" to place beside that of "The Bishop," which his North Dakota neighbors long bestowed upon him because of his self-righteous manner. His House title carries with it no stigma of dislike, although Lemke, despite his success in mustering the 208 petition signatures that forced consideration of the Frazier-Lemke bill, is far from being one of the House's most popular members. He is scarcely more distinguished in that respect than his campaign manager, Usher L. Burdick, the other Representative-at-large from North Dakota. Burdick, a lawyer, sought election as a pro-Roosevelt Republican in 1932 and made it in 1934. It was this same Burdick who told the convention of the National Farm Holiday Association that "six weeks" after election to the Presidency Lemke would be making conservative speeches. He raised the point that solution of the farmers' problems waits upon the election of the "right men" to Congress. Lemke, taking a similar view, is running for Congress again as well as for the Presidency. He privately has no illusions as to his prospects of achieving the White House and talks instead of making his Unionist campaign into an instrument for capturing the balance of power in the House next year by filling a hundred of its seats with Townsendites, Coughlinites, and others of his own kind. If we are to judge by the company he keeps, advocates of a bona fide third, or Farmer-Labor, party had better not wait for Lemke.

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Labor Moves Toward Power

BY J. B. S. HARDMAN

SIGNIFICANT forces have come into motion upon the American labor scene. A growing belligerency in the periphery, all too long subdued, is now being given expression by a considerable sector of the central leadership. Smug complacency, the time-honored mental condition of "constituted leadership," is rapidly giving way to "anxious inertia," as John L. Lewis has aptly characterized the frame of mind of the elder statesmen of the A. F. of L.

The onrush of events has been great: enough, indeed, to crowd a much longer time than the seven to eight months that have elapsed since the inner battle was brought into the open by the opposition at the Atlantic City convention of the American Federation of Labor. All the developments have sustained one dominant note—the breakdown of traditional leadership. The mere enumeration of headlines conveys an impact of telling motion—the formation of the Committee for Industrial Organization and its successful intervention in the rubber strike at Akron; the radio workers' refusal to heed the stifling order of the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. and the subsequent launching of the unaffiliated United Electrical and Radio Workers of America; the actual initiation of the drive to organize steel, under the guidance of the C. I. O. and through the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, hitherto a conservative prop; the demonstration by the United Automobile Workers' Union of their all but formal independence of the Executive Council, and the unification of the various automobile workers' organizations developed in consequence; the launching of Labor's Non-Partisan League; and, finally, the refusal of the C. I. O. unions, comprising some 40 per cent of the federation's membership, to comply with the Executive Council's order to dissolve the committee. The new C. I. O. affiliations, announced several days ago, of the United Automobile Workers Union and of the United Rubber Workers of America, coming in the face of certain reprisals by the Executive Council, further emphasize the disintegration of the old line captaincy.

The C.I.O. has consistently refused to be provoked by charges of disloyalty or to stoop to personal attacks as argument. Charles P. Howard, president of the International Typographical Union, has set the intellectual tone in his truly remarkable exchanges of letters with the Executive Council. Thus he states the gist of the difference between the two contending groups in the A. F. of L.:

> I agree with you when you say, "The interests of the working men and women of the nation, all of whom are seriously affected in the development of their economic and social life, call for united action." I am willing to go you one better and say the interests of the workers transcend every other consideration—even sacrosanct jurisdictional claims. . . . Any legal and ethical policy that will promote organization is justified. Any policy that interferes with and prevents organization cannot be justified and will not prevail.

The restraint of these words is surpassed only by the volume of justified indignation they convey. Only a movement that is sure of victory can be so self-controlled. Never throughout this encounter have the guardians of vested or "proprietary" interests in craft unionism been able to hurl the charge of Moscow influence against the opposition or to accuse it of seeking to undermine the United States Constitution, the home, or the gold base of the dollar. For once, tried and true American catchwords have failed to catch. John L. Lewis cannot be painted red—the paint simply will not stick.

The realistic activism of Messrs. Lewis, Howard, Hillman, and their associates have caught the people's imagination. The C. I. O. has become a rallying center and a driving force of the first magnitude. There soon proved to be sober truth in the jest a Washington correspondent made in the press: "There now are two labor movements, the A. F. of L. and the J. L. L." The Committee for Industrial Organization has, from the outset, sailed under clear and unmistakable colors. Its name has told the full story upon which not even its masterful publicity can improve. The issue is not Lewis versus Green, although much has been made of the mutual antagonism of the two men. The issue at bottom is between a labor unionism that reflects labor's struggle for a place in the sun and one that in so far as the mass-production industries are concerned is but an addition, tolerated by the employers, to the personnel-management department of the business. The two are not reconcilable.

Trade-unionism has long suffered from a social inferiority complex, and those who achieved positions of leadership have been satisfied to stay put. To be sure, the union leaders had an idea of the latent power over which they presided, but somehow it never occurred to them that they could use this power as a leverage for far-reaching action. It is enough to recall the ringing declaration of the A. F. of L. on the eve of America's entrance into the World War—words expressive of the proud self-consciousness of the man who can make tools and knows how to use them:

> . . . We represent the part of the nation closest to the fundamentals of life. Those we represent wield the nation's tools. . . . The power and the use of industrial tools are greater than the tools of war and will in time supersede agencies of destruction. . . . The corner-stone of national defense is social justice in fundamental relations—economic justice.

But when responsibility for production and power lay

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within their reach, it was at most the right of collective bargaining that they thought of demanding. Nor were they even as daring as that in all industries. Not until it was too late did they tackle steel, the giant industry that wallowed in war-made riches. Trained in the art of negotiating, both with employers and with their own members, the trade union leaders were primarily go-between men. They could not see themselves in the role of fighters for a new civilization and a new social morality, reaching out for a relocation of social power.

Not that the stalwarts have not fought battles or sustained severe wounds in the struggles of labor. Most of them rose to leadership upon a record of service, devotion, and many days of gallant fighting, and they honestly and fairly represented the mind of their constituents. And if some others have muscled their way to the top with no better credentials than heavy fists or a genius for maneuvering, the men on the other side are not all lineal descendants of saints. The "trouble" is mostly with the situation, not with the persons. Over the years of time that these leaders achieved their group and personal success, a new America arose to being. The one in which they fought and won no longer exists. In the days of their youth, they carried over and used, with a measure of success, the methods and the traditions of the craft age. They continued to use them with much less success in the machine age. But what chance do they have today, in the power age? The shrinking craft base of union operation has made the movement ingrown, has deprived it of ambition, has fostered upon the leadership a habit of delay which is defended as caution and responsibility, but is in effect a hopeless, almost a fatalistic defeatism.

Labor's Non-Partisan League occupies a strategically central position in the organization of the mass-production industries. This brain-child of the C. I. O. may or may not turn out to be labor's vehicle to independent action in politics. But it ought to be clear that the line-up of the nation's major and most active unions behind President Roosevelt, through the L. N. P. L., goes deeper than the political surface of the situation. There is not a doubt that being "on the ground floor with the President" will be used by organizers in the steel or in the automobile industry as an added argument for "this is the time to organize." For the present, at least, the L. N. P. L. and the C. I. O. form a combined pressure that needs to be exerted if the unionization of the millions of unorganized in the mass-production industries is to have a chance. We may express the moving forces in labor best by the formula C. I. O. + L. N. P. L. = 2 C. I. O.

The recently-held convention of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers confirms this view. Despite a well-earned reputation for political aggressiveness and economic gradualism, the clothing workers unanimously reversed themselves. They voted an indorsement of the reelection of Roosevelt through the L. N. P. L., and they shouted thunderous approval of the union's leading position in the C. I. O., despite the ultimatum of the Executive Council of the A. F. of L. It is possible that the development of European fascism, to which the Jewish and the Italian workers in the union are particularly sensitive, may have made them receptive to the argument: Roosevelt or fascism. But this was not the major motivation of the convention's action. The "ganging up" of reactionaries of all stripes against the author of the New Deal seemed to have been taken by the delegates as a personal affront, just as was the stubborn objection of the craft unionists to industrial unionization of the mass-production workers. There seems to be but one common denominator for C. I. O., L. N. P. L., and F. D. R. in so far as the clothing workers are concerned; it is the people against the exploiting and oppressive class—or, as it is likely to be from now on, the "economic royalists."

The Amalgamated's convention apparently followed in the footsteps of the United Mine Workers, who indorsed the reelection of President Roosevelt several months earlier. But there was a significant difference in the way the two unions approached the issue. The miners accompanied their indorsement of the President by a statement on the one hand that their action did not imply the acceptance of the Democratic Party and on the other hand by tabling a resolution for a labor party as a move that might endanger the President's reelection. The clothing workers' indorsement of Roosevelt was accompanied by a pro-labor party stand.

Major George L. Berry, titular head of the L. N. P. L., stated in his address at the Amalgamated convention that out of over eighteen thousand local, city central, and national union leaders who responded to the league's call for cooperation, only fifteen declined. Four thousand offered to go on the stump. It was also reported that a great many letters of acceptance received by the L. N. P. L. expressed the hope that "this time there will be a real labor effort at independent politics." When Berry closed his pro-Roosevelt speech with the words, "We are going to maintain this institution on up until the election and after the election on up to 1940, and what we do in 1940 when the grand shake-up is coming will be nobody's business but ours," twelve hundred men and women stood frantically cheering and pledging support to what they were firmly convinced was a definite and irrevocable labor-party commitment. In explicit resolutions the clothing workers sought to make it entirely clear that they rejected the Democratic Party as a fighting instrument for the achievement of labor's ends, and the union's general executive board was directed to take an active part in any genuine attempt by representative labor organizations to form a labor party.

It is not unreasonable to assume that conventions of ladies' garment workers, of textile workers, of any other group of workers, had they been meeting at this time, would have acted in much the same manner as did the miners and clothing workers. The hosiery workers and the automobile workers did. Whatever may be the ultimate wisdom of labor's support of President Roosevelt in the present crisis, it is certain that if this course is due to a misreading of the play of historic forces, the misreading is not the work of professional misleaders. When either a faith or an illusion takes hold of an organized mass movement, it will not do to laugh it out of court by caustic remarks or expressions of contempt, or to ignore it. That

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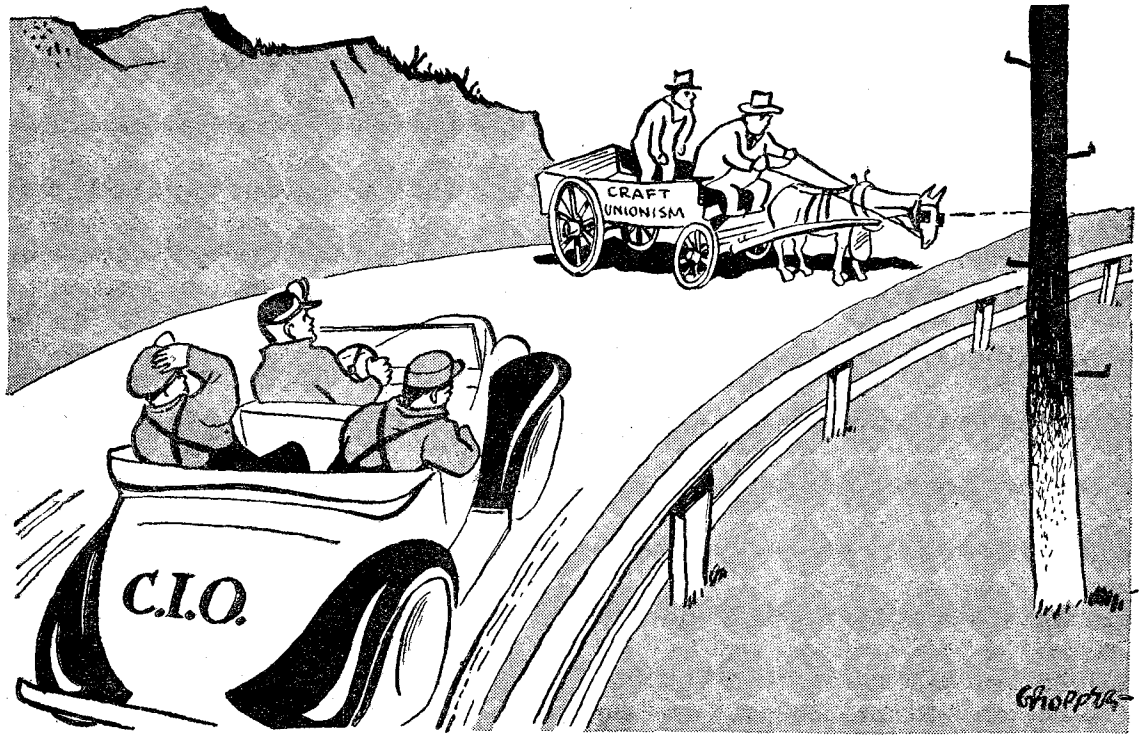
faith must be tested in action, and not until it is either found unjustified or proved sound, will the road to further action be clear. If it be an illusion, it must be lived down.

It would be a grave error to close our eyes to the full meaning of this contest for mastery within the organized labor movement. It foreshadows the oncoming struggle for power in American industrial society. Labor is marshaling forces for greater battles than have been waged in a long time, greater in scope and greater in the questions at issue. So are the other organized classes. The American Iron and Steel Institute did not rush upon the scene, warning the country that the organizing drive in steel was an attack on returning prosperity, merely to pay a compliment to the power of the C. I. O. No less indicative of the portent of events are editorial *caveats* in the *Herald Tribune* and the *Sun* that "the prospects of warfare in any industry, and particularly in one so vital to the nation's economy, is of serious concern to the whole country," and "it is not inconceivable that the course of the election itself may be profoundly influenced by what happens at the steel mills in the next two or three months." Shades of Marcus A. Hanna and the McKinley-Bryan campaign! Similarity of historic incidents is no conclusive proof of historic similarities. Yet, in that campaign of 1896, one Edward Lauterback, chairman of the New York Republican County Committee, declared: "No blood will be shed—at least not yet, but if they attempt to subvert your Supreme Court, if they should succeed, by any chance, in foisting upon you these horrible doctrines—anarchistic, socialistic, and communistic—which that platform, adopted by this populistic brood, contain, we will not abide by that decision."

Nor is "independent" political action, of a kind, missing in the whole array of forces by the party of the second part. There is no doubt that Congressman William Lemke's Union Party, immaculately conceived and thunderously brought into being by the Reverend Father Charles E. Coughlin, proposes to sap the strength of popular discontent. The New Deal philosophy has led the American people to think that "the state owes them a living" if and when the economic set-up fails to provide the individual with a chance of hiring himself out. But payments on this obligation have not been coming promptly or adequately. And so the average person has come to think that since politicians' promises must not be taken at face value, there may be economic wisdom in paying heed to politicians whose promises are biggest. Thus Mr. Lemke's party is the punishment visited upon the American people for the sins of commission and omission of Franklin D. Roosevelt's government. But American labor, which has entered this campaign under the banner of *Roosevelt despite his party,* has an obligation and an opportunity to fight Mr. Lemke's party of incipient fascism with a constructive program.

Labor's Non-Partisan League will undoubtedly develop a far-reaching drive for Mr. Roosevelt's reelection. But wherever there is a fighting chance for local farmer-labor and progressive Congressional candidates, the league must move into action with speed and energy. Because of the immense apparatus and resources it has at its command such action will not mean recklessness. The national and state leaders of L. N. P. L. are neither theorists nor politicians committed to a particular brand of political operation. They are most likely to act in accordance with the types of pressure that will be brought to bear upon them and the evidence of practical achievement through action in all given cases.

Though it be replete with explosive divergences, abounding in confusion, what we are witnessing today is the emergence in the United States of a labor movement that is an American labor movement in all that the term American implies: large scale, opportunistic, belligerent, shrewd, hell-bent on "getting there."



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How to Become a Spy

BY WILLARD PRICE

SINCE I live in Japan, it may be well to preface these remarks with the hope that my Japanese friends will take no umbrage at what is here set down. It is not written with a long face or malevolent intent. And if I am entertained by certain peculiarities of these estimable folk, they are just as free to be entertained by those of the Western barbarian—and quite often, I notice, exercise their freedom.

The first characteristic of the Japanese is courtesy. The second is, perhaps, suspicion.

Not a week passes without its spy scare in the Japanese press. Some foreigner has been seen taking photographs. Who can say—perhaps the suspicion itself is a form of courtesy. For what an honor it is to the grub who would not get a second look from the cops in his home town to find himself under suspicion as the arch-spy of some great power!

Those who have visited only Japan proper have but tasted the cup. They should go where the officials are really nervous, along the Manchu-Siberian border, or to the South Sea islands which Japan holds under mandate from the League of Nations. The focus of infection so far as spy-phobia is concerned seems to be the strategic island of Palau, closest Japanese territory to Singapore, the Philippines, and Australia.

I had not thought of becoming a spy until the Palau police put it into my head. They have a training course for foreigners who wish to qualify as spies. The chief instructor is a smiling young police officer, by name Toyama-san. In black-and-white *yukata* he strolled in one evening to call upon us at the home of the German missionary where my wife and I had sought refuge on this hotel-less heathen isle. He laid a map on Herr Siemer's table.

First lesson: "You cannot go there," said Toyama-san, indicating a spot with his pencil. And to quiet a natural suspicion he added, "But there are no fortifications—nothing." Another point. "Cannot go—but there is nothing." Four other spots. "Cannot go," jabbing the points vigorously with the pencil. Then, each time, with a disarming wave of the hand, "But there is nothing—nothing."

It had not occurred to me to make a search for fortifications. Of course they are forbidden under the terms of the mandate. "No military or naval bases shall be established or fortifications erected in the territory." It had seemed unlikely that this regulation was being violated since we had been allowed to go everywhere in the Yap group without the slightest surveillance and had seen nothing that remotely resembled a fortification.

But Toyama-san's closed cupboard with its sign, "Do not open! There is NO JAM in this cupboard," was too tantalizing a challenge to resist. I took down the names of the six forbidden spots and determined to visit all of them.

The next morning I called upon Mr. Kodama, Vice-Governor General of the entire South Seas government. (The Governor General was in Tokyo.) After I had recounted the restrictions of the police, Mr. Kodama said, "I don't know why they should do that. We have no secrets here. You may go anywhere. But have you seen Captain Konishi? You had better see Captain Konishi."

Captain Konishi is the naval attaché. He delivers sailing instructions to the merchant ships and prepares the way for the Japanese warships which occasionally visit Palau. The extent of his power is not quite clear. Some say that he is on a par with the civil authorities if not superior to them, just as the army and navy in Japan accept no dictation from parliament or premier but are answerable only to the throne. However that may be, he is the soul of modesty.

"I am only a naval officer," he said when I asked for permission to move freely through the Palau group. "That is a matter for the Governor to decide."

Mr. Toyama was eager to know the result of the interview. "What did Captain Konishi say? May you go?"

"He said he would accept the Governor's decision. And the Governor says I may go anywhere. Therefore I may go anywhere."

But I had been a little too logical in my deductions. It was not so simple as that. I could go, but not without entourage. I was provided with congenial companions—Mr. Hayashi, Foreign Affairs Secretary of the South Seas government, a police officer, and three sailors; and a government launch with spacious cabin and pleasant deck space fore and aft was placed at my disposal. This attention was flattering, but I could have done with a bit less comfort and more freedom.

I had hoped to go about in the missionary's new motor boat, on which only three days' work remained to be done. But suddenly the carpenters quit work. And we learned that they had been instructed not to finish the boat until the Americans left. "The day the Americans go you can finish your boat," the missionary was told. I suggested speaking to the Governor about it. "No, no," said the missionary. "Let the police have their way. Otherwise they will make trouble for us." After a month of tinkering over three days' work, the boat was slipped into the water the day after we sailed from Palau.

But our trips in the government launch were enjoyable and comfortable. Each time I introduced one of the six sore spots into a projected itinerary there was much discussion and two or three days' delay to obtain permission. Then we went—and found—nothing. Some of the points were of great strategic importance, but there were no man-made fortifications. None of my requests for detailed examination were refused. We poked about in channels and

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bays and climbed to hilltops. Except that I made no measurements, sketches, or photographs, I had as much freedom as if I had gone unaccompanied.

One by one the six secrets were checked off until only one remained, the island of Arakabesan. This was an island of many hills, any one of them a convenient location for a battery. I could hardly undertake to climb them all. But there were two planes in the harbor. I assumed that they were navy planes, and we made a social call upon Captain Konishi at his house.

This time he received us in shirt and suspenders (a sign of increasing confidence, I thought, for the first time he had barricaded himself behind gold braid). With Western directness I immediately stated my mission. There were rumors abroad that Japan had fortified her South Sea islands. I wished to be able to write positively, "There are no fortifications on Palau." To say that, I must see. I was too lazy to climb every hill on Arakabesan. Could a plane be placed at my disposal for half an hour so that I might fly low over this area?

Captain Konishi gave no sign that he considered the request extraordinary. He bowed slightly, made a little sound of agreement deep in his throat, and asked whether the bean candy was to our taste.

It was. Munching *yokan,* we discussed the versatility of the bean, used to make everything from cake to buttons, from milk, cheese, butter, soup, salad oil, and ice cream to varnish, enamels, oilcloth, linoleum, glue, and soap.

When the bean's possibilities had been exhausted I ventured to make my request again. The Captain bowed, considered, and inquired whether we liked *sashimi* (raw fish). That started Mary, who is a *sashimi* gourmand—yes, the red more than the white. *Sashimi* made from bonito was splendid. Ah, but, put in the Captain vivaciously, had she tried bass *sashimi?* When he had been stationed in San Francisco he had had *sashimi* made from bass—delicious. There is good bass fishing on the Pacific Coast.

Yes, I said, and speaking of fishing, it was interesting how airplanes were used to locate schools of fish. And speaking of airplanes, would it be possible to arrange for an airplane over Arakabesan? He nodded gravely. Now take dried fish. We really should see the making of *katsubushi* on the shores of Malakal. And turtles. He showed us a fine specimen in the *tokonoma.*

There were many other distracting things about the room. Wooden tattooed dolls made by the Mortlock people, carved faces from Mortlock, an ivory nut from Ponape, a necklace of white and black disks made from sea shells and cocoanut shells, the great Tritoniom shell which the natives use as a trumpet. Finally there was nothing left in the room to discuss except the visitors. He successfully got them talking about themselves. Still I did not forget to inject my question, each time a little more weakly. It always reminded him of something really interesting. When two hours had gone by in this delightful fashion and it was positively necessary to leave to make the dinner hour at Frau Siemer's, I rose and placed both hands upon the table as if about to deliver an address. Mustering all the powers I had of direct and succinct statement, I put my request. Captain Konishi expressed mild surprise, as if he had only now understood me. The airplanes—unfortunately they were not naval planes but government mail planes. He had no power. It would be necessary to apply to the Governor. But why go so soon—please come again. Take along these little souvenirs.

We came away in a very happy frame of mind. We had enjoyed our visit immensely—the Captain, the *calpis,* the hibiscus reflected in the pool in the garden—and agreed that Captain Konishi was a splendid fellow and would some day be an admiral.

Although my naivete was now so blunted that I no longer expected to get a plane, we went that evening to call upon Vice-Governor Kodama in his beautiful home on the shore of the lagoon. He received us jovially. He has cheeks like apples and is the most genial host imaginable. Unfamiliar with English, he sent a car to the other end of town for Mrs. Shisatomi, who learned English in Hawaii. She came with her baby, too young to be left at home. Two other officials were called in. We sat about a conference table, the baby nursing quietly during most of the interview. Occasionally the mother must rise and jiggle the fretful child, translating meanwhile, or attend to him on a chair under the horizon of the table top, never quitting her interpreting.

Mr. Kodama answered my questions in a very forthright manner. Airplane? Very dangerous. The pilots were men of little experience. The planes had been here only four months, and the men were not yet accustomed to the peculiar air currents above Palau. So they refused to take up passengers. He himself, Mr. Kodama, had wished to go, but could not. Too dangerous. With his hands he demonstrated how violently the planes wobble—and laughingly used the word *jishin,* earthquake.

I agreed that the air currents must be dangerous indeed if they could not be learned in four months. But I offered to sign a paper assuming all responsibility in case of accident.

No, even so, the responsibility, he said, would be theirs. If I did not care for myself, they did. Also it would be necessary to board the plane from a boat and disembark into a boat, very difficult.

I thought I could manage.

He feared not.

Very well, I said, doubtless he was right. Then might I pass around Arakabesan by boat and land where I pleased?

He was very sorry. As I doubtless knew, at the southern tip of the island an airport was being built for the forthcoming air-mail service to Tokyo. Much blasting. Very dangerous. During the operations no visitors, not even Japanese, were allowed.

But if I went under proper supervision? And landed at a safe distance from the blasting?

It was a very small island.

A mile long, was it not?

Yes, but all roads led to the same place.

I saw that it was time to agree that it must be very dangerous, and did so, shivering a little.

Moreover, went on Mr. Kodama, there was a leper island near by. That was another danger that made it inadvisable to visit Arakabesan.

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What, I said, the small island I had noticed a half mile north of Arakabesan? Was it a leper island?

Yes.

Then that settled it. I wouldn't take the risk. Lepers! I thanked him for warning me in time.

We walked home through the deserted main street under the tropic moon.

Mary mused. "What a blow it would be to our leper friends in Korea who entertained us in their homes if they knew that now we can't stand a leper half a mile away."

"Yes," I said, "but circumstances alter cases. Here everything is very dangerous."

Not a visitor, so far as I know, has ever discovered anything remotely resembling a fortification in the mandated islands. The missionaries know of none. The natives know of none. The safe assumption seems to be that there are none. Then why the surveillance? Probably to prevent foreigners from photographing, sketching, or otherwise becoming too familiar with the defensive features of mountains, harbors, and reefs. But all these things were fully recorded by the meticulous Germans, and the German maps are doubtless on file in every navy office in the world. Moreover, a real spy, trained in the art, could get any such information first hand or through the natives. We must go a bit deeper still to find the secret spring of Japan's national nervousness. Its real basis, I think, is psychological. It is the keyed-up tension of expectancy. Japan has plans. She must "stabilize" the Orient, and that soon, before the end of the West's present period of introspection. The area envisaged under the banner of "Asia for the Asiatics" is bounded on the north by Siberia and on the south by the fourteen hundred highly strategic Micronesian islands, where man-made forts would be of little use but where the natural labyrinth provides an almost impenetrable obstruction. The "northern first line of defense" and the "southern first line of defense" are the terms frequently applied by army and navy officials to the Russian frontier and the South Sea chain. And Japan proper must take the first shock of any attack from the east. If there is extraordinary sensitiveness over defenses it is perhaps because of the significance of these three barriers in the protection of the gigantic, long-term projects Japan is already initiating on the Asiatic continent.

Whose Medicine?

BY JAMES RORTY

THE majority of American doctors operate small one-man businesses, and charge as much or as little as the traffic will bear. Since 1929 it won't bear very much, and a great many American doctors are metaphorically, and even in some cases literally, hungry. Medical ethics in its true connotation, meaning the high tradition of the profession, obliges the doctor to do his utmost, first, to prevent the patient from becoming sick; second, to cure him as quickly and inexpensively as possible; third, to utilize when necessary to this end all the available resources of consultation, laboratory, and hospital service. Economic self-interest, since the doctor is paid on a fee-for-service basis, tempts him to keep the patient sick and to pretend competence whether he has it or not. That only a very small minority of physicians yield to these obvious temptations is still the glory of the profession.

A group clinic is a relatively big business offering typical economies and efficiencies of operation and competing with the one-man business of the individual doctor. If it, too, operates on a fee-for-service basis, the same temptations are present; the routine collaboration of a number of doctors may or may not tend to minimize them. If, instead, it charges a fixed annual fee designed to cover all or most of the medical needs of the patients, then the economic interests of doctor and patient tend to coincide. If, in addition, the clinic is operated cooperatively, on a non-profit basis, then the system rests on its proper bottom, the doctor is freed from economic pressures that strike at the very roots of his professional integrity, and we have an organization of medical care roughly analogous to our system of public education; payment for medical care through taxation would complete the analogy.

The American Medical Association, with a membership of over two-thirds of American physicians, is essentially a trade association of one-man medical businesses. It has a record of extraordinarily valuable accomplishment with respect to the raising of standards of education and practice, the control and suppression of quackery, the pooling and dissemination of medical knowledge; its activities today in many if not most of its departments are conducted on a high level and in the public interest.

This matter-of-fact statement is made, not to conciliate the shoguns of organized medicine, but to point up the paradox of the present situation. For the American Medical Association is itself a business, with a net worth, as of December 31, 1935, of over three and one-half million dollars. Large though this figure is, it does not express the true importance of the A. M. A. as a business. As a matter of fact, the A. M. A. not only represents a pooling of the vested economic interests of its members, but has itself an institutional vested interest of the first magnitude.

In Chicago Dr. Olin West, secretary and general manager of the A. M. A., assured me that "lay journalists, almost without exception, have misrepresented the social aspects of medicine, because they haven't the slightest idea of what is represented by medical care." I have two answers to that: first, that as an occasional purchaser of medical services I am as much entitled to my ideas of what is

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represented by medical care as is the doctor—so is any other patient for that matter; second, and with all due respect to Dr. West, I must insist that I am not a layman with respect to his business. Or should we say, Dr. Fishbein's business? The A. M. A., for all practical purposes, is in the advertising business, and in that field I claim to be an expert.

It costs money to operate the A. M. A. apparatus. It costs money to print and distribute Dr. Fishbein's editorial statesmanship, just as it costs money to operate William Randolph Hearst's multitudinous publishing enterprises. Where does the money come from? In both cases most of it comes from advertising. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* is one of the most profitable publications in America. According to the treasurer's report, its gross earnings during 1935 were $1,493,472, of which the two major items were $601,559 from fellowship dues and subscriptions and $767,231 from advertising. The net earnings came to $604,672, a sum more than sufficient to finance the total 1935 expenditures of the A. M. A., which came to $584,975.

Medical products advertised in the *Journal* must be approved by the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry, and food products must be approved by the Committee on Foods. This approval permits the advertiser to use, there and elsewhere in his advertising, the "seal of acceptance" of the A. M. A. The formula is not new; doubtless its adoption by the A. M. A. was dictated by public-spirited motives. (The placing of advertising in the *Journal* is not a condition of acceptance, and in fact the majority of the products reported upon by the council are not advertised in the *Journal*.) But in effect it is a business formula. Clearly the A. M. A. is not merely a professional organization. It is also a medical-advertising business, with Dr. Fishbein as its efficient and dynamic chief executive.

Many if not most of the manufacturers of "ethical" proprietaries who advertise in the *Journal* at $340 a page are also manufacturers of patent medicines sold directly to the laity and occasionally confiscated by the Food and Drug Administration. Hence I may be permitted to point out, not as a layman but as an expert, that Dr. Fishbein's business is directly allied with and dependent upon the big and notoriously iniquitous patent-medicine business which Dr. Fishbein so indefatigably denounces in print.

Does Dr. Fishbein understand this? As an advertising copy writer and general advertising and publicity handy man during the New Era and even before the war, I heard a great deal about Dr. Fishbein. Medical purists, including on one occasion the Cook County (Chicago) Medical Society, have rather frequently questioned Dr. Fishbein's competence and ethical sensitiveness as a popularizer of medical knowledge. But in the advertising business we always regarded him as a colleague; indeed, as an exceptionally smart and practical advertising man. One suspects that this largely explains his ability to defy criticism. As the chief executive of an important advertising medium, Dr. Fishbein is in a better position than any other single individual to shape the destinies of the A. M. A.

Yes, Dr. Fishbein is the boss. If anybody doubts it, I suggest that he invade, as I did, the stronghold of organized medicine on South Dearborn Street, Chicago. I saw Dr. Fishbein first—that appeared to be the routine. His geniality was undisturbed when I told him frankly that I was hammering him vigorously in forthcoming magazine articles. It had happened before, he murmured indifferently. And in a spirit of sweet helpfulness he loaned his copy of John L. Spivak's book about the "Medical Trust." Then Dr. Fishbein called in Dr. Paul Nicholas Leech, the secretary of the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry, and instructed him what to give me. I suspect he forgot to instruct Dr. West, for the next day he prowled unhappily in the corridor while the somewhat discursive secretary and general manager of the A. M. A. told me, if not all, at least somewhat more, I am sure, than Dr. Fishbein would have liked.

Dr. Leech proved to be extremely helpful. He was able to prove what I already knew, that the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry has a highly creditable record—within the limits of its assigned powers and functions. Thirty years ago when the council started its work, the medical periodicals of America, including the *Journal of the American Medical Association* with its then negligible circulation, were the accepted advertising media of the nostrum-makers; and the doctors, from the point of view of these racketeers, were merely useful stooges and procurers for the business of victimizing the public. In his book, "Forty Years as Advertising Agent," George P. Rowell describes how the makers of Fellow's Hypophosphites stopped all general advertising and pushed the sale of their product solely through the medical profession. The result was that in a single year an investment of $6,000 in the stock of this manufacturer yielded dividends amounting to $9,000. Said *Printers' Ink* at about this period:

> The patent medicine of the future is the one that will be advertised only to doctors. Some of the most profitable remedies of the present time are of this class. . . . The general public never hears of them through the daily press. All their publicity is procured through the medical press, by means of the manufacturer's literature and through samples to doctors. *For one physician capable of prescribing the precise medical agents needed by each individual patient there are at least five who prescribe these proprietaries.*

The italics are my own. With certain qualifications that last sentence is as true today as when it was written. During the past thirty years, in considerable degree through the efforts of the A. M. A., the standards of training and the average competence of doctors have been greatly improved. Largely through the efforts of the council, the average quality and reliability of the "ethical" proprietaries offered to the doctor and through him to the public have been immensely stepped up. But a dubious and uncomfortable "community of interest" has been established. Paradoxically, the success of the council in regulating the "ethical-proprietary" business and in excluding worthless nostrums and unwarranted therapeutic claims both from the pages of the *Journal* and to a considerable degree from other medical publications has had the effect of stabilizing and intrenching the "legitimate" business of the big drug manufacturers. Unfortunately, many of these manufactur-

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ers make basic non-proprietary pharmaceuticals with one hand, "ethical" proprietaries with the other, and meanwhile stir up plain and fancy nostrums with their feet. They are big medical advertisers, and today as in the past they exploit the doctors as their stooges and salesmen.

A further result has been to plant the A. M. A. in the advertising business more firmly and much more profitably than in the days when the *Journal,* as well as most of the state and county medical publications, filled their pages with nostrum advertisements and their editorial columns with thinly disguised publicity "plants" for the same nostrums. Relatively, the ethical level of this profit-motivated system has been greatly raised, though it is by no means high enough from the point of view of either the public or the conscientious doctor. But the community of interest established between the A. M. A. as a publisher of advertising tends inevitably to color the policies of the A. M. A., particularly with respect to the social aspects of medicine.

In opposing group-practice and group-payment schemes the A. M. A. serves as loud speaker not merely for the rugged medical individualists, the little men of the medical business, but also for the drug houses and the manufacturers of medicinal foods. The latter are, of course, strenuously opposed to all such developments. Why? Because practically every group clinic promptly sets up a pharmacy which dispenses basic pharmaceuticals, instead of "ethical" proprietaries, with savings of around 500 per cent.

In justice to the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry, it must be said that its members and its secretary appear to be acutely aware of this paradox. The council, composed of distinguished pharmacologists who serve wholly without compensation, would undoubtedly like to educate the doctors to prescribe non-proprietary pharmaceuticals which cost one-fifth as much as "ethical" proprietaries of identical composition. Among the posters sent out by the A. M. A. chemical laboratory is one which lists a dozen "ethical" proprietaries opposite the identical pharmaceutical substances, in parallel columns. The total wholesale price of the proprietaries was $31.65; that of the non-proprietary substances, $11.26. Significantly, when this list was brought up to date four years later, the cost of the proprietary name to the consumer has increased from $20.39 to $25.18.

The council has also published in the *Journal* and circulated reprints of excellent articles setting forth the economic advantages both to the hospital and to its patients of setting up adequately equipped and staffed pharmacies and obliging staff physicians and internes to prescribe the drugs listed in an established formulary. Dr. Ernest E. Irons, of Chicago, says:

> The evils of proprietary prescribing arise not from the mere fact of the sale of a drug under a proprietary name but from the circumstances attendant on its distribution and its popularization under claims misleading alike to physician and to patient, which lead to its use in ways directly harmful to the user. The manufacturer who by real research discovers a new and efficient remedy is entitled to adequate commercial reward insured by the use of a proprietary name. . . . The council has rightly held, however, that the name should reflect the composition of the product and not the clinical use to which it is put. Besides the frequency with which proprietary remedies are advertised under unwarranted and misleading claims, other objections to their use are the added expense in their purchase, which is passed on to the ultimate consumer, the patient, and the tendency of their use to increase self-medication, a practice which leads often to serious harm to the patient.

There can be no question that the publications of the council have in general been of extraordinary value to both the physician and the public. However, one is obliged, somewhat sadly, to record the fact that the *Journal* does not always observe the implications of what its council preaches. The same issue in which the council exposed the exorbitant prices at which the "ethical" proprietaries are sold contained an advertisement of at least one of those very proprietaries.

A practical fellow, Dr. Fishbein. A while back, when some county medical societies threatened to take a flier of their own in advertising, he wrote:

> The *Journal of the American Medical Association* feels that expenditures of funds of a county medical society for advertising announcements printed primarily to teach the facts of preventive medicine is not a proper expenditure for a medical organization. The question of the publishing of newspaper advertisements by county medical societies would appear not to be so much a question of medical ethics as one of common sense in the field of business. From this point of view, the burden is on the promoter to prove that the spending of money for such announcements provides an adequate return to the purchaser of the announcement.

I think it may be said that most conscientious advertising men, with the possible exception of space salesmen, would share Dr. Fishbein's point of view, and his opinion. Medical opinion is perhaps another matter.

Whose medicine is it? Should there be, can there be in the long run any selfish and invidious titles to the control and practice of an art and a science upon the free use of which the health and virility of our people depend? Medical science is a body of knowledge and skills derived not wholly, or even predominantly, from the research and practice of doctors as such but from every source of our industrial civilization. Chemistry, physics, biology, psychology, engineering—these and a dozen other departments have made major contributions to present-day medical knowledge and equipment. Moreover, the present resources of medical science have been made possible primarily by the investment of social capital—in universities, hospitals, research laboratories, financed both by the state and by private philanthropy. It is not capitalist individualism but capitalist collectivism that has delivered us from the terror of plagues, that has substituted knowledge for shamanism, the largely unpaid and unpayable devotion of the scientist for the venality of the quack. Medicine is partly socialized today. It cannot continue forever half free and half bound to the chariot of business.

[*This is the third of a series of four articles by Mr. Rorty on medical politics. The fourth will appear shortly.*]

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Opening Gun at Homestead

BY HERMAN WOLF

Homestead, Pennsylvania, July 5

ON THE evening of July 6, 1892, Secretary Lovejoy of the Carnegie company said: "This outbreak settles one matter forever, and that is that the Homestead mill hereafter will be run non-union and the Carnegie company will never again recognize the Amalgamated Association nor any other labor organization."

On a late afternoon forty-four years later, Charles Scharbo, straight from his shift in the Carnegie mill, ended a historic meeting by reading the steel workers' new Declaration of Independence: "The lords of steel . . . have set up company unions. They have sent among us swarms of stoolpigeons. They have kept among us armies of company gunmen. Today we do solemnly declare our independence. We shall exercise our inalienable rights to organize into a great industrial union, banded together with all our fellow steel workers. In support of this declaration, we mutually pledge to each other our steadfast purpose as union men, our honor, and our very lives."

Slowly and without a word the audience formed into line and marched to the cemetery. On a hill-top from which one could see the smoke rising from the mill chimneys half a mile away, the steel workers swore anew their pledge to win that industrial freedom for which seven steel workers gave their lives at Homestead.

Highly skilled steel workers in the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers were the elite of the American labor movement in 1892, and Homestead was craft unionism's greatest defeat. On the ashes of that defeat John L. Lewis and his Committee for Industrial Organization hope to build a new industrial union.

There is a new, heavily-spiked steel fence around the Homestead mill. The workers claim the fence can be charged with electricity if a strike breaks. William S. Unger, assistant superintendent of the mill, which is a United States Steel subsidiary, vehemently denies this. Three times he carefully explained that the fence is "grounded and we couldn't charge it with electricity even if we wanted to." Mr. Unger denies everything. He denies that the plant uses company police. He denies that there were spotters at the rally held by the Steel Workers Organization Committee on July 5. Mr. Unger himself attended. He admitted that company foremen were there, too. So were 5,000 steel workers who stood for three hours under a broiling sun at the first labor rally Homestead has seen since 1892.

The most significant thing at the Homestead memorial meeting was the huge sign: "Join Now—One Union for All Workers!" As if to emphasize this point a cavalcade of thirty cars filled with white and Negro miners escorted Tom Kennedy, lieutenant governor of the state, to the meeting from Murraysville, twenty miles away, and the miners' thirty-two-piece band from Morgan was there to show the steel workers the support on which they could count. Men of all ages and nationalities were at the meeting, many of them dressed in work clothes; though it was Sunday, they had just come from the mills.

Judging by the applause, the most important thing on the side of the C. I. O. is the abolition of Pennsylvania's hated Coal and Iron Police. According to Tom Kennedy, who besides being Lieutenant Governor, is also secretary-treasurer of the United Mine Workers, the state police won't be any help to the steel companies. "Governor Earle is head of the armed forces of this state and he's going to see that the workers are granted their constitutional rights," said Kennedy. He also promised the workers state relief funds if the steel magnates fired them for union activity.

I have spoken with Homestead workers in their homes and on the street. Within the last week they have all received company propaganda handed out in the mills. Some of the workers are opposed to the union. Others are eager for it "if it's the Lewis union." All agree on this point: The employee-representation plan is a subterfuge which nets them practically nothing. Before this drive is over, the employers will find that in these plans they have given the union just the nucleus it needed to get a wedge in the mills. In this area just south of Pittsburgh the union is making faster strides than it had expected because leaders elected under the employee plans are making real demands on their bosses. Two of the company-union representatives showed me their applications for the union the minute I approached them. I said, "That's fine, but how do you know who I am?" "We don't care," they replied like two happy school kids. "That was Unger you were talking to, wasn't it? Well, let him fire us. The union's here to stay this time."

Five billion dollars worth of steel is scared. For the first time the Iron and Steel Institute has issued a statement for the entire industry on a labor question, and its publicity department "mentioned" to reporters that there would be more advertisements to come and that they hoped their viewpoint would be "well taken care of." The C. I. O. reports that through the institute the companies have agreed that if any plant is struck, fellow employers will fill its orders at cost of production, thus allowing the struck company to keep its customers and make its usual profit.

The companies, in short, are preparing for a war, with no quarter given. But if the Homestead meeting is any sign, the workers, too, are ready for the battle, and will enter it with their heads up and their colors flying.

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Issues and Men

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

JULY 4 was set aside by the Peoples' Committee Against Hearst of the American League Against War and Fascism as anti-Hearst day. I do not know how many people took part in the demonstration, but the committee worked hard to make a good showing. In one week at the end of June it held thirty neighborhood conferences, and 112 A. F. of L. unions have joined the trade-union committee against Hearst. When one thinks of the enormous influence exerted by the Hearst press, the readiness of advertisers to make use of it even when they are aware that the Hearst papers constitute the most dangerous anti-social force in the United States, it would seem like an almost hopeless undertaking to attempt to combat Public Enemy Number One. But that is not the case. The Hearst press is extremely vulnerable, and there is no doubt that the tools of Hearst who run his papers for him are worried by the rising tide of public hostility. Many of his newspapers are known to be losing money.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that Hearst is exercising a tremendous influence behind the scenes of the political stage. The Republican ticket is a Hearst ticket and must be so considered until both Landon and Knox disavow him and assure the American people that they are through with him, that they are not taking money from him for their campaign, and that he will have no influence whatever on their policies if they are elected. This they have not done. This alliance alone calls for the defeat of the Republican ticket. But the Democrats are not in too favorable a position to strike very hard along this line. It was the Hearst influence four years ago which gave the nomination to Franklin Roosevelt at the Chicago convention. Garner was Hearst's man, and it was a Hearst Senator, McAdoo of California, who, after the Roosevelt forces had agreed to the nomination of Garner for Vice-President, abandoned Al Smith and insured the choice of Roosevelt. I am reliably informed that Garner now curses Hearst loudly and emphatically, but the facts are as stated. Hence the attack upon Hearst in this campaign must come from other sources as well as from the Democratic Party.

As for Colonel Knox, some journalists have said to me that it is unfair to charge him now with being a Hearst man since it is years since he left Hearst's service of his own accord, under circumstances entirely creditable to him. At Philadelphia a writer whose opinion I trust told me of a conversation he had with Colonel Knox two weeks before his nomination, in the course of which Colonel Knox told my friend why he left Hearst. It was not one single thing, it appears, that caused the break, but an accumulation of events, the climax of which was an order from Hearst to break some business agreements that Knox had entered into. This Knox felt he could not honorably do, and so he resigned immediately, over the telephone in the presence of several outsiders. This is all very well, but it does not explain how Colonel Knox could originally bring himself to take service with such a base newspaper influence as William Randolph Hearst. I know very well the arguments that newspapermen in Hearst's service give you. They have to live; they have wives and children to feed; so many newspapers are disappearing that the field is narrowing and the choice of journalistic jobs likewise. When I remark that there are certain jobs that no honorable and self-respecting man should take, they say: "That is very easy for you to say, Mr. Villard, who have always had inherited wealth to render you free to do and say what you think best, but we've got to live and if we didn't take the jobs somebody else would, so what's the difference?" I am still unconvinced. No American loyal to our institutions and no journalist who cares anything about the honor and integrity of the profession can afford to take the money of this man Hearst.

As for Landon, his warm friend from boyhood days, William Allen White, did not hesitate to denounce him in unmitigated language for having even received Hearst at Topeka. Mr. White is not given to personal criticism of this type; in this respect he is something of a compromiser, or rather, he allows his rarely kind nature to temper his criticisms. But he could not stand for this act of Landon's and described it as first-class stupidity, betraying the provincial quality of Landon's political thinking. There followed the disgraceful episode in the California primaries, where there were two Landon tickets, one the Hearst-Landon aggregation, and the other the Chester Rowell-Landon ticket. There is no doubt that Landon told Rowell to go ahead before he yielded to Hearst and that he tried to ride both horses. It cost the Rowell group $75,000 to beat that Hearst ticket, but beat it they did. I am told that a lot of money came into the state of California from the East to help the Hearst ticket. Who put it up? Was it Hearst? And is Hearst going to be allowed to contribute large sums to the Republican campaign fund? Will Colonel Knox, who is said now to feel so strongly against Hearst, consent to this without protest? Even with the Chicago record behind them the Democrats ought to press these questions home and brand the Landon-Knox ticket by the Hearst name until those two men disavow him.

Meanwhile it is very gratifying that men and women in increasing numbers all over the country are joining the fight against Hearst—Hearst the friend of Hitler and of Mussolini, the fascist who is quite capable of doing his best to overthrow American institutions, if he thinks that thereby he can preserve for his children his enormous fortune, obtained by debasing the public taste and morals.

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BROUN'S PAGE

THUMBING the radio dials idly the other evening I happened to hear a familiar voice. It was that of Major Rupert Hughes who recently led a counter-revolution in California to preserve the independence of the creative artist. The Major, although wholly misinformed, charged gallantly against a goblin of his own conjuration. He seemed to see an all-embracing soviet which would include screen writers, dramatists, authors, and newspapermen.

The Major has engaged in all these activities, and he feared that under the pressure of proletarian propaganda he would be regimented and either forced to lose his artistic integrity or lapse into silence. Roy Howard, of the Scripps-Howard newspaper chain, leaped to his defense in the middle of the controversy, and together they managed for a time at least to stay the demons of conformity. The Screen Writers' Guild was badly wounded by the revolt within its ranks, and from the line of battle there sprang a nascent Rupert ready to speak his own piece upon any and all things without the slightest fear of any discipline as applied by his fellow-craftsmen. The fact that this danger was wholly in his own imagination did not alter the principle of the thing. Hughes had tossed the tea into the harbor. He was ready to sell his life for freedom of expression.

Naturally I listened with attention. In just which direction would this newly liberated spirit strike out? What old injustices would he attack? What new truths bring home to his vast invisible audience upon a national network? He spoke of Washington and love of country and Independence Day. His mood was highly patriotic. Among other things he mentioned the fact that Washington was a tobacco planter and that the early wealth of the country was largely dependent upon the success of this particular crop. And because of the connection between Washington, the Fourth of July, and tobacco the Major mentioned the fact that it was fitting that he should speak, rather roguishly to be sure, of the finest smoke of all—the Camel cigarette, which is made only from the purest selected leaves.

As the program developed I learned that Camels are "round and firm with no annoying particles to get in your mouth." Tony Manero, who recently won the open golf championship, could hardly have achieved this honor but for the fact that he smoked Camels constantly. They carried him "through every stage of tension and nervousness." Camels stimulate digestion. The Major was himself a little nervous, which may account for the fact that he finished with a flourish in which he announced that the lovely lady on the program would sing "Sampson's aria from 'Sampson and Delilah'." That was a detail. The Major will grow more accustomed to his spot as he gets used to his hard-won freedom. He will on subsequent evenings strut his artistic integrity with more confidence. Rupert Hughes wears no man's collar. His is a cigarette program. The Major is a creative artist who has come through. He is the master of ceremonies for the Camel Caravan.

Speaking of the intellectual side of radio, it has sometimes been said that whatever advantage the Republicans possessed through the 85 per cent support of the newspapers would be made up by the disposition of the radio in their favor. I imagine that the Democrats will certainly be able to get as much time in front of the microphone as their adversaries, but in some other respects the forces of Landon have a decided edge. The New Deal fares almost as badly at the hands of the radio commentators as it does with the newspaper columnists. At the moment Edwin C. Hill, Boake Carter, and Lowell Thomas are the top men of the networks. Mr. Hill is now on a sustaining program. His last sponsor was one of the oil companies, and his syndicated column is with the Hearst papers. In Philadelphia he did a piece for the New York *Evening Journal* in which he said that the Democrats were holding the most curious convention he had ever witnessed. Mr. Hill professed to find all the hotel lobbies crowded with professors. He saw, for the purposes of his article, hordes of men with horned-rimmed glasses ready to sovietize America.

Edwin C. Hill was one of the best reporters of his day, and the Democratic convention at Philadelphia was certainly curious. Nevertheless, professorial types were almost wholly absent. The throng did not assay one obvious intellectual to the gallon. It was as tough a bunch of delegates as I have ever seen. When any finely modeled brow bobbed up, it belonged to some newspaper reporter or radio commentator. The long-bow paragraph which I have mentioned is not intended as a gibbet on which to hang Hill as a partisan, but night after night his point of view is steadfast. He is frankly and candidly an utter conservative and bitterly against all aspects of the New Deal.

Boake Carter skips around a little more and sometimes changes sides, but he has been consistently anti-Roosevelt since the acceptance speech. Mr. Carter professed to find the President's words a call to an immediate class war, and he spoke gloomily of the situation in France and of America's rapid approach to a similar condition. The following evening Boake Carter was disposed to make a major political issue of the sudden revocation of the right to bring in $100 worth of liquor, duty free. He warned of the dire things which might happen to taxpayers under a highly centralized government.

Lowell Thomas avoids controversial subjects more than his two rival broadcasters, but the general drift of his comment is anti-New Deal. Whatever may happen as the campaign develops, the radio at the moment is by no means stacked in favor of the Administration. The reverse is true. Indeed, Franklin D. Roosevelt is the only eloquent New Deal commentator I have heard over the air in a month.

HEYWOOD BROUN.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

MAXIM GORKY: A CHALLENGE

BY ALEXANDER KAUN

TO THE end Maxim Gorky's life was a challenge to standards and conventions. His very death defied by decades the time limit set for him by the best lung specialists. He might have chosen for his life slogan the refrain of one of his stillborn youthful poems: "I have come into this world to disagree." From childhood to maturity his life presented a series of violent disagreements with established traditions of Russian smugness, be it wife-beating or worship of Czar and church and private property. Needless to say, society made him pay for his unseemly predilections. He tasted abundantly of blows and abuses, of hunger and cold, prison and exile, even to eviction by Pecksniffian hotel-keepers in the city of New York on his visit in 1906.

His initial and rapid success as a writer was primarily due to the challenging note of his tramps who lustily disrupted the twilight melancholy of Chekhov's whimperers. Gorky used the barefooted brigade as a megaphone for the denunciation of society's standpat philistinism and stagnant cowardice. He went farther. Through the mouth of the drunken outcast, Satin, he sang a hymn to man, the collective man. Here was a double challenge: to things as they are and to passive misanthropy. In his subsequent deviations and vacillations, multiple though they were, Gorky never swerved from the spirit of this early proclaimed code: hatred and contempt for social smugness, and faith in the potentialities of the organized will of collective humanity.

On its own merit Gorky's talent began to command respect only later, when purged of unevenness, gaudy exaggerations, and naive romanticism. "Childhood" marked the first of his well-rounded mature productions, revealing his unexcelled power as a recorder of the personally observed and experienced. Herein lay his strength and, obversely, his weakness. He floundered whenever he abandoned the empirical for the imaginary. "I know that I am a dray horse, not an Arabian steed," he admitted apropos of Leonid Andreyev's uncanny power of imagination and intuition. Gorky's robust challenge emanated precisely from his close contact with tangible realities. The life he knew, the life of the middle classes, of the lower and of the lowest, he knew as very few did, and he had no rivals in depicting that life quintessentially. His intelligentsia, on the other hand, are for the most part cardboard characters.

He once spoke to me of the three selves that struggled within him and often encroached on one another's domain: Alexey Peshkov, Maxim Gorky, and the Russian. Apparently it was the synthesis of the three—the man, the artist, and the citizen—that made the career of Gorky so eventfully rich. Yet one may assert without doubt that today the significance of Gorky for the Soviet Union and for the masses elsewhere lies in his life rather than in his art.

The sixty-eight years that he lived coincided with the struggle and ultimate triumph of the revolutionary movement. Rising from the lower depths to the peak of national acclaim, Gorky has been an eloquent demonstration of man's power to defy circumstances and environment. This is not the American story of a boy who has made good—by adjusting himself to the existing order of things. Gorky has continually challenged what appeared as society's fundamentals, and has persistently shaken the pillars of philistia, which seemed to stand firm and immovable. For him it meant more than revolutionary rhetoric to greet the pending storm in his "Song of the Stormy Petrel," to sing to the "Madness of the brave," to proclaim "the madness of the brave as the wisdom of life," and he lived to see the practical application of his hymn, "All for Man, All Through Man."

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I plead guilty to having publicly regretted Gorky's return to Russia in 1928. For one thing, he wrote his best work while away from his turbulent home. Secondly, it could be foreseen that the multitude of public affairs would so engulf him as to undermine his precarious health and rob him of the leisure needed for creative work. Furthermore, Gorky had been a fighting non-conformist, and there was an incongruity in his role of accepter and approver, which he could not help assuming once in the Soviet Union.

My fears were largely substantiated. The latter portion of his unfinished novel and the two plays of unfinished dramatic trilogy, written in the U. S. S. R., add little to Gorky's laurels. Gorky chided me for my "incurable skepticism" when I doubted his ability to attune himself to the new Russia so as to describe it adequately. Time and again he spoke of his passionate desire to write a "great novel" about life in Soviet Russia. This was not to be. As an author he remains the poet of the old Russia in whose burial he took such an effectual part.

It also came to pass that most of Gorky's time in the U. S. S. R. was taken up with sundry activities, from editing a number of not strictly literary reviews to addressing meetings and attending to a prodigious correspondence with his avid fellow-citizens. The greater part of his writing was of a polemical nature, directed against the enemies of the Soviets. The rebellious disagreer had at last agreed, emphatically and vehemently.

Does it follow that Gorky's death was "timely"? The loss to literature may be questioned. There is no doubt, however, that in Gorky the man Soviet Russia has lost an irreplaceable asset. With all his conformity and enthusiastic loyalty, he time and again challenged Bolshevik bigotry and intolerance. His position as the nation's idol invested him with extraordinary authority and unique temerity. He alone dared oppose consistently the powerful Napostovtsy and their heresy-hunting activity. His was the only voice of protest against the cavalier treatment of Boris Pilnyak at the hands of Bolshevik Savonarolas. He publicly discounted the ballyhoo about proletarian art and literature and declared his indifference to whether he was considered "a proletarian or non-proletarian writer." Gorky not only performed the salutary function of a daring dissenter and critic of unsavory phenomena; he exerted enough influence to have matters changed. It is an open secret that Gorky was chiefly responsible for the dissolution of the Rapp, the fanatical association of proletarian writers. Soviet writers have regarded that event, in April, 1932, as the emancipation of literature from party bureaucracy and petty politics. One may also recall a number of cases in which Gorky successfully defended individual victims of the powers that be. Thus he championed Isaac Babel and his "Red Cavalry" against the onslaughts of General Budenny. More recently he squelched the over-zealous guardians of proletarian purity who took exception to the literary views of Dmitri Mirsky on account of his princely rank. Gorky did not unlearn to disagree. His voice was destined to sound a fearless challenge under a dictatorship or a democracy. His death is a grievous loss.

BOOKS

Huxley Agonistes

EYELESS IN GAZA. By Aldous Huxley. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

SOMEWHERE in this novel the hero quotes the closing lines of the most magnificent of Gerard Hopkins's sonnets-written-in-blood; and the thought occurs that with this book Aldous Huxley proves that his whole career has been moving toward a rediscovery of the truth, restated in the same sonnet, that "selfyeast of spirit a dull dough sours." At least it will seem true if we take the liberty of identifying an author with his hero, which is here somewhat more justifiable than usual in view of the fact that the hero is a prosperous sociologist, renowned for his ironic detachment and given to a kind of finicking distaste for any form of experience that is too unpleasantly concrete. Anthony Beavis is the Huxley hero, the one and only Huxley hero, aged forty-three, and finally confronted with the ancient problem of salvation for himself and the world. He is a projection, that is to say, of everything that his creator has thought, felt, and read in the seven years since his last novel (one may ignore the unhappy interruption of the fantasy that appeared in 1932). And to say that he represents a distinct enlargement in every sense over his earlier self is one way of indicating the considerable advance that this book marks in Huxley's development as a novelist. Whatever else remains to be said about it, "Eyeless in Gaza" is the deepest, the most serious, and the most complete novel of his career.

After the erudite snickerings and Rabelaisian guffaws, after the admirable collection of protozoic analogies, after the tired fornications in Mayfair boudoirs, the Huxley hero has become a stern but ardent moralist. Just before this transformation, it is true, he has begun to have doubts about the existence even of his own personality; he has apparently been reading Proust; and there are several pages of denatured metaphysics for the readers of the lending libraries. But all such doubts are dissolved in the warm light of his recognition that he can no longer live irresponsibly, that he has "duties toward himself and others and the nature of things." For twenty years he had thought all this nonsense—"nonsense, in spite of occasional uncomfortable intimations that there might be a point, and that the point was precisely in what he had chosen to regard as the pointlessness, the practical joke." His shock is the result partly of the lesson of experience, partly of his meditations on society and its institutions, and partly of his friendship with a certain Dr. Miller. Or it may be said that the doctrines of this spiritual reformer provide an interpretation, as well as a direction, for a life that would otherwise be without significance. Life and its interpretation are therefore presented simultaneously, so to speak, out of what may be called the drowning man's point of view in fiction.

This method, reminiscent both of the Jamesian "process of vision" and the movie flash-back, involves a discarding of the normal time order of narrative for the more or less fortuitous order of the memory. For Huxley, translating the lesson of experience, such a method has the advantage of dispensing no more of the lesson than the reader's preference for experience enables him to take, like a physician administering an otherwise too saccharine fluid drop by drop over a period of time. Moreover, it has the advantage of distributing more

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equally the disquisitions that are the fruit of the hero's recent readings in biology, chemistry, sociology, and anthropology. But it may be questioned whether this wilful playing with the normal time sense is not really evidence of a last infirmity in a writer headed toward nobility. The substance of the experience, as a matter of fact, is reducible to a single situation. It is that complication in his youth which caused Anthony Beavis to betray the feelings of his best friend's fiancee in order to win an idle bet from his mistress. As a revelation of the "piddling, twopenny, halfpenny personality" of the modern man it is a situation admirably suited to Huxley's general theme. The remorse suffered by the hero is an adequate psychological explanation for his over-eager surrender to the persuasive Dr. Miller, uttering from a mule-back in Mexico the immemorial formula of the Buddhist redemption, "love and compassion."

To summarize the stages of speculative reasoning by which Anthony arrives at the same formula would be to give more order to his thought than Huxley himself has troubled to give it. We know that he is opposed to both fascism and communism because each sacrifices the means to the end. Revolution always fails of its aims because it operates from the wrong motives and puts the wrong people in power. It merely creates new institutions to enslave the individual and set him against his fellow-men. Politically, therefore, Anthony—or Huxley—is an anarchist, unless the pacifism that we leave him practicing as well as preaching at the end can be considered a system. But "Millerism" is perhaps more strictly a spiritual and psychological discipline, like Yoga or Christian Science. There is much talk of "the proper use of the self," and also a serious defense of vegetarianism. Anthony's final meditations, to tell the real truth, read like the lucubrations of a Bloomsbury intellectual sunk irrevocably into the downy folds of the Buddhist heaven. Not the high strength of the Miltonic Samson struggling with real good and real evil, within and without, but Annie Besant and the "peace beyond peace." It is perhaps the last irony of this novel that it will be most appreciated by the Stigginses and the Burlaps, by those accustomed to commit the greatest enormities in the name of love, by the sort of people that Huxley has grown famous in satirizing.

The report that Huxley has turned sentimentalist will probably be little credible to many people. Sentimentalism implies lack of intelligence, and surely Huxley is among the most intelligent of living writers. Yet the contradiction may be somewhat diminished if it is admitted that the professional *homo sapiens*, "the chimpanzee on the upper side of humanity," is more likely to be thrown off his base than the so-called average man. Between his brittle intelligence and his sense of experience, between his intellect and his sensibility, there has always been in Huxley a breach which has prevented him from being a great imaginative writer. Confronted in mid-career with the reality of certain values to which he had hitherto paid little attention, his intelligence gives the reins to his sensibility with an abandonment that will shock some very much less "intelligent" individuals. For while a sense of the reality of human life does not make for any less love, it does render impossible a bubbling romantic belief in the kind of disembodied human goodness and justice in which Huxley finally puts his faith. It makes impossible any program for men or societies that is not based on some objective system of organization and control. But there is a sense in which Huxley, without undergoing a profound reorientation of mind and temperament, could have arrived at no other solution to his problem. From thinking too little of humanity the romantic ironist has ended by thinking too much: the wheel has come full circle back to Rousseau.

WILLIAM TROY

Scapegoats and Smoke Screens

THE JEWS OF GERMANY. A STORY OF SIXTEEN CENTURIES. By Marvin Lowenthal. Longmans, Green and Company. $3.

IT IS well that the tragic story of the Jews of Germany has been told by one who is more a chronicler than a historian. Not that Mr. Lowenthal's facts are unreliable or his marshaling of them unscientific; names, dates, indices, bibliographies, organization—all the skeletal virtues are present. The dead bones live, however, because the author clothes them with the flesh and blood of a catholic and humane understanding, because he breathes into them a deep yet not uncritical love for his own people.

An academician might have feared to devote more than a fourth of a book covering sixteen centuries to a period of less than twenty years. Yet Mr. Lowenthal has not only stressed the Nazification of Germany and its orgy of Jew-baiting quantitatively. He has projected the entire history of German Jewry in relation to its three long and anguished years under the Third Reich. To do otherwise, given the compulsive significance of the present catastrophe, would mean making a catalogue, not writing history.

No distortion, even of emphasis, is required to show that the real record of Germany's Jews has been the record of German anti-Semitism; that that anti-Semitism has been constant in duration, cyclic in intensity, cumulative in effect; that its frenzied culmination under the Swastika is not a break with tradition but a link in it. Thus on page 3 the author records that the earliest documents proving the presence of Jews on the Rhine are a number of terra cotta bottle stoppers dug from the Roman ruins of Trèves, topped with sculptured manikins caricaturing Jewish features and satirizing Jewish ceremonials. A third-century adumbration, doubtless, of Streicher's *Stürmer!* And on page 331 he concludes:

> Our readers will, at this late chapter, need no explanation of why the German faith selected the Jew for the object of its hate. He had been traditionally that object. When the Germans were Christians, he had been the killer of Christ. When the Mongols had threatened invasion, he had been the traitor. When princes and bishops robbed the masses, he had been the exploiter. When murders had remained unsolved, he had been the criminal. When pestilence had stricken the land, he had poisoned the wells. When the French Revolution overwhelmed the German states, he had created the revolution. When the stock market broke, it was he who invented capitalism. When the Germans lost the World War, it was the Jew who had "stabbed them in the back." When the masses arose, it was he who devised Bolshevism. The only point to be emphasized is that each old accusation strengthened the new and became an element of it. The tradition grew by accretion: each generation added a coat of paint and with each coat the Jew grew blacker.

More important than this recognition of the continuity of German anti-Semitism is Mr. Lowenthal's explanation of why the German Jew has been made the scapegoat. Repeatedly, though at times with insufficient explicitness, he shows the reason to be basically economic. Behind the Crusader's sword, the Reformation's proscriptions, the guilds' exclusions, the professors' racial theories lurked the same fact which explains so much of Nazi "Aryanism": the Jews—always a recognizable minority—serve as victims to fill the coffers or increase the corporate wealth of their persecutors, and as lightning rods to divert the unrest of the exploited masses. Mr. Lowenthal sums it up thus:

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When times were good or promising, even competitors were acceptable and orthodox, for they added to the breadth and profits of the market. But when times were bad, woe unto the competitor, workman, and consumer who could be damned as a foreigner or unbeliever! No less than in the Middle Ages they stood at the mercy of bookkeeping. When the ledgers showed red, the outlook for minorities was black.

While Mr. Lowenthal applies, even when he does not acknowledge, the Marxist analysis of anti-Semitism, his closing chapters fall short in stating the wider implications of German Jewry's fate. These transcend his eloquent denunciation of bigotry, his demand for tolerance. They transcend even his statement that "Jewish liberties are bound up with general liberties and . . . the cause of all oppressed or threatened minorities is the Jewish cause." The vital, the primary implication—not for the Jews of Germany alone, or even for other racial and national minorities but for majorities everywhere—is the smoke-screen character of anti-Semitism. Though the barrage is directed at minorities, majorities today face enslavement under senescent capitalism and crescent fascism. And it is only as these majorities can be made to see the danger *to themselves* in Jew-baiting or its equivalent in other racial terms that they will end it. This truth—not to be whispered in dulcet tones or penned in subordinate clauses, but sounded in a clear call to united action—alone can salvage German Jewry, redeem the enslaved Third Reich, secure human freedom everywhere.

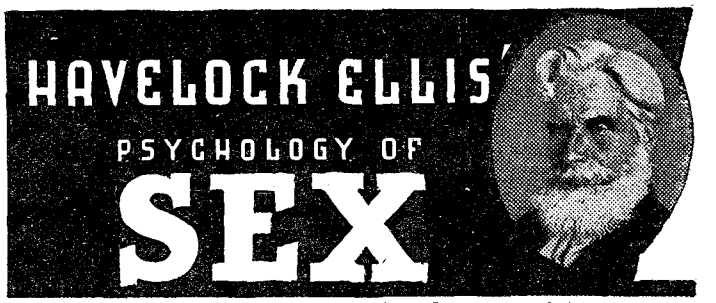
The recognition of this truth marches on. It underlies popular fronts in Spain and France, increasing unity among the left parties in the semi-fascist countries of Eastern Europe, rising awareness on the part of the American people of the fascist menace here, the section of the new Soviet constitution which confirms the Soviet conception of anti-Semitism as a crime against the state. Even in Nazi Germany it is gaining ground. A recent cartoon in the "illegal" press, which is passed from hand to hand, shows two German workers reading an official document. "I see," remarks one, "that a new *Judenhetz* [anti-Jewish drive] starts on Monday morning." "Well," answers the other, "that means another wage cut on Saturday night!" When enough Germans read it and get its point, the ghastly joke will end.

JAMES WATERMAN WISE

Slocombe's Menagerie

THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING. THE MEMOIRS OF GEORGE SLOCOMBE. The Macmillan Company. $3.75.

IN THESE recollections the well-known English journalist gives a vivid picture of the European post-war political scene in terms of colorful characters. Before the war Slocombe was a radical poet. He became a staff member of the London *Daily Herald,* the newly founded and struggling newspaper of the Labor Party, and settled down after the war as its foreign correspondent in Paris. In this capacity he was an observer at almost all the hopeless conferences directed toward the division of spoils which did not exist and the preservation of a peace which had not been achieved. He interviewed all the important statesmen. He was and still is an associate and friend of an international group of artists, real ones and fakers, male and female, and of many plain fools without profession but having their function as symptoms of society's ills. In the 427 pages of his book 724 people are mentioned, sketched, or fully drawn, impartially and objectively, with keen observation, the understanding of a liberal mind, and the hidden skeptical



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affection of an animal-lover. "It takes all kinds of people to make a menagerie," Lenin once said of an eccentric French Communist. Slocombe might have called his book "My Menagerie."

The emphasis of this "story of one person's relationship to living history" is on character, scenery, and atmosphere rather than on the issues involved. But the reader who is familiar with these issues will get even greater pleasure from the book than the anecdote hunter, though he will also be satisfied. The inside story is given of many incidents startling in their day. We see a clever and progressive and thoughtful journalist using his wide acquaintance to bring adversaries together, to smooth the path of political action. We have the remarkable story of how the first meeting of Litvinov and Chamberlain was arranged; of how the interviewer bargained with Gandhi in his prison cell. Here are chapters bursting with actuality—a visit to Spain, the dinner party with which the author celebrated the first British Labor government, an interview with Hitler.

After his interview with Hitler in 1931 Slocombe met in France, at the house of the American painter Gilbert White, a picturesque Beethoven-playing German who had himself been an intimate of the Nazi leader but was then discouraged over Nazi prospects. He deprecated Slocombe's fear that Hitler might succeed. "Adolf is lazy. He never reads a book, never listens to anybody. He will not work out a program. He knows nothing of foreign politics and is not interested in them. There is nothing to be done with him. He is a visionary." The man who spoke so disrespectfully was our Harvard graduate Hanfstängel. Two years later the lazy Adolf was his god.

I read the book at one sitting, always interested, often touched, twice excited. At the end came the reflection that the correspondent of the great press is almost tragically bound to become a homogeneous part of the crazy world he describes. Slocombe even proudly reprints in facsimile a letter from the British delegation at the Hague conference of 1929, in which Snowden, Henderson, and Graham express their unqualified admiration for his work and state that in his articles in the *Daily Herald* he has given them great assistance in matters of political and financial import. The object of the British at this Hague conference was to get a larger percentage of the German reparations instalments. The Labor Chancellor of the Exchequer put up a twenty-four-day fight and obtained 80 per cent of his maximum demands—a sum which amounted to exactly nothing because within a year the reparations payments were canceled, completely and forever. During the dragging weeks of the conference the ailing Stresemann received his death blow, and with him the government of the last Social Democratic chancellor in Berlin. This conference will remain a classic illustration of diplomatic stupidity. Yet according to Slocombe it "will be remembered in history as the British Labor Party's first and greatest experiment in international diplomacy." And the petty-bourgeois countryman of Viscount Snowden also "rightly felt," that it was, "in the words of Southey's poem, 'a famous victory.'"

Even so, the laborite imperialist George Slocombe writes a beautiful English.

FRANZ HÖLLERING

An Antique Genre

WATERLOO. By Manuel Komroff. Coward-McCann, $2.50.

THE key scene of this novel of the Hundred Days is played between a little English soldier of fourteen and a little French soldier of the same age. At the height of the carnage of Waterloo, these infant enemies, both wounded, meet and together sail a toy boat in a ditch full of blood-stained water. The appurtenances are horrible; yet the scene is charming, even gay. To turn the fearful into the picturesque, to use horror as a backdrop for charm, this is Mr. Komroff's method. The fact that the backdrop is realistically painted, that battle, murder, and sudden death are unsparingly depicted, renders the simple, whimsical, comical action, played downstage center, all the more affecting. Mr. Komroff is an accomplished tear-jerker. His "Waterloo" is a good example of what nineteenth-century Frenchmen called "la comédie larmoyante."

The appearances of Mr. Komroff's book are sometimes a little deceptive. His clinical thoroughness in the description of wounds and of slaughter makes one occasionally wonder whether one is, after all, going to enjoy this novel. Yet one is reassured in good season. Only one of the characters whom one meets intimately dies an untimely death on the field of battle; and he is old, unimportant, and soon forgotten. The rest return to their homes to enjoy health, prosperity, and satisfactory sex relations. Mr. Komroff's technique is almost impeccable. It is true that his style is a little exclamatory, that his use of retrospective irony is reiterative and often obvious, that his dramatic soliloquies are definitely rusty. Still, it must be acknowledged in exculpation that, whatever its modern trappings, "Waterloo" belongs to an antique genre, and that what to modern taste seem the faults of the novel are the traditional embellishments of that genre.

Whether Mr. Komroff's skilful treatment is altogether appropriate to his historical subject is another question. There may be some doubt whether in the sentimental novel Mr. Komroff found the sturdiest, most suitable vehicle to carry the events of 1815. It is possible that, since Napoleon, Talleyrand, Ney, Fouché, Wellington are inescapably *in* the story, a shrewd scrutiny of their characters and motives might have been more interesting than a close-up of a nice English couple. Again, a student of military tactics or a retired colonel might conceivably believe Mr. Komroff's colorful account of the maneuvers around Waterloo to be oversimplified and inadequate. There are doubtless political historians who would consider Mr. Komroff's version of the welcome of the returning Emperor ornamental but obtuse. There are perhaps even persons, non-specialists in the Napoleonic era, who would rather hear the whole, hard, unpicturesque truth about the bloody collapse of a bloody dictatorship than smile through their tears over the battlefield of Waterloo; but then there is of course no accounting for tastes.

MARY MCCARTHY

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The Perfect Press Agent

THIS WAY TO THE BIG SHOW. THE LIFE OF DEXTER FELLOWS. By Dexter W. Fellows and Andrew A. Freeman. The Viking Press. $3.50.

I NEVER supposed I would find myself reading the autobiography of a press agent. Members of that profession are rightly suspect, even when they manage to avoid being tiresome. But it is obviously a very different case with Dexter Fellows, who so far as I am concerned, now that I have read his book, will always be the perfect publicity man, and indeed the only one who bears thinking about. He bears thinking about a great deal, as any genius does, or as any man does whose life and work are one and whose career in consequence is completely and pleasantly successful.

Dexter Fellows is he who comes to town in advance of Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Combined Shows and sees to it that the newspapers fill up in due time with stories of what will follow. Not that he writes the stories himself. He is so little a writer that he had to have Mr. Freeman in to do this book for him, just as he always has had newspapermen scribbling their heads off in his cause, or rather in the cause of his circus, though the two things strictly are one. No, the stories simply get written as the result of his presence, which in its noiseless way must be one of the most charming on record. He says he doesn't even have to say much to his friends the newspapermen. He drops in with a cigar in his mouth and his hat on the back of his head, and somehow the most wonderful columns appear next day—columns with words in them he never saw before, and with ideas he would give his soul to have fathered. The thing is for the most part mysterious, no doubt, yet three explanations of his success will occur to any reader of his book. The first is that he likes the newspapermen; he seems to know thousands of them, he mentions hundreds of them, and at least fifty of them must be genuinely his best friends. The second is that the newspapermen like him because of a trick he has of starting their imaginations off. It has been said of Coleridge that he was a man in whose presence it was impossible to be ordinary. In Mr. Fellows's presence it is evidently impossible to think flat thoughts.

The third reason is that Mr. Fellows believes in and loves the circus—loves any show with which he may be connected, not merely because he is connected with it but because it is plainly more important and beautiful to him than anything else. He assumes its greatness, and leaves superlatives to others. Tody Hamilton, the ancestor of all adjective abusers, said to him once: "Suppose a grocer should advertise fine, fresh codfish and his rival across the street advertised the largest, sweetest, absolutely the best codfish ever caught, with scales as large as quarters and meat whiter than snow—the finest yielded by the Atlantic Ocean. Which grocer do you think would sell the most codfish?" Mr. Fellows knows of course that the second grocer would prevail, but he is not a grocer. He is the lover of a certain art, concerning which he has amassed so much natural and fascinating knowledge that he needs to do no more than mention what is in his mind about it at the moment; then even the wariest editors ask him to sit down, and somewhere over a partition typewriters begin clicking.

In the old days when he represented Pawnee Bill and Buffalo Bill his job was chiefly to keep stories out of the papers—stories of "clems," or fights between the crew and the rubes, and stories perhaps of those thieving camp-followers who go by the interesting name of "grifters." Now that popular preju-

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dice against the circus has died out he has another job. But his behavior must have changed very little; he still talks and is still believed. A reader of this book will hear Mr. Fellows talking to him; telling him of Buffalo Bill and Major Burke, of Annie Oakley and Johnny Baker, of the high day in London when the kings of Belgium, Denmark, Saxony, and Greece rode in the Deadwood coach with the Prince of Wales; of the tricks by which the grifters once robbed the rubes; of the temperature at the top of the big tent on July days when the audience wonders why the aerialists keep wiping their wrists with handkerchiefs; of the constantly open wound around Lillian Leitzel's right wrist; of the sleeping apartments on circus trains; of clowns, of daredevils, of elephants, of seals, of gorillas, of human freaks. Of course they aren't called freaks any more in these gentler days; they are queer people, strange people, human oddities, or (in their own language) artists. But no matter, they are part of Mr. Fellows's world about which we like to hear him talk. Mr. Freeman may be chiefly responsible for the following paragraph, since he is a writer and Mr. Fellows isn't; yet I think I can hear the older voice behind it. "A freak seldom seen these days is an ossified man. I recall two of them, Jonathan R. Bass and William T. Sapp. Bass began to turn to bone toward middle age, and the process of ossification proceeded so far that in the course of a few years he was practically solid from head to foot. When he was shown around in 1890, he was powerless to make a motion and appeared to be cast in one piece. He seemed well informed, was fond of conversation, and was an atheist."

MARK VAN DOREN

Shorter Notices

RAIN ON THE JUST. By Kathleen Morehouse. Lee Furman. $2.50.

The crop of novels about mountain whites has this year been unusually large. Mrs. Morehouse's book is distinguished from many of the others by the sincerity and warmth with which she draws her characters, by their quaint, antiquarian speech, the cumulative effect of which is decidedly pleasant, and by an evident passion for the Blue Ridge itself. Despite a sentence on the book jacket which proclaims, "There is none of the lowland sordidness of the Jeeter family in Mrs. Morehouse's book," this is no pretty little idyl of mountain life. There is one patricide, any number of young ones got out of wedlock, a rousing earthy lady who drinks "corn" and entertains her neighbors (male), and a grave robbery. A little sister is the heroine, and in her are exemplified the virtues of industry, maternal affection toward her smaller brothers, and a kind of fierce chastity which protects her from a lecherous stepfather, although she, too, bears her child before she is a wife. Mrs. Morehouse is no second Caldwell, nor is "Rain on the Just" another "Tobacco Road" with virtue added. But it is a pleasant, human book none the less, well worth reading. DOROTHY VAN DOREN

HUMOR OF THE OLD DEEP SOUTH. Edited by Arthur Palmer Hudson. The Macmillan Company. $5.

By the old Deep South Mr. Hudson means chiefly Mississippi (but also portions of Louisiana and Alabama) during three decades or so before the Civil War. The region became articulate then with a great rush and roar of wit, most of which was temporary but some of which has survived—though the essence of it all survives, according to Mr. Hudson, in common conversation today. The war put an end to it as a literary affair, so that Mr. Hudson's anthology of its best efforts amounts to a collection of antiques. His search has been thorough, and his representation of a culture is within the inevitable limits complete. His selections, however, are frequently too brief to have much meaning; and he has for some strange reason tried to dispense with the services of an index. MARK VAN DOREN

GIVE US THIS DAY. By Louis Zara. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

Like most writers with a sentimental core, Louis Zara remembers with greater skill than he observes. The earlier portions of this novel, showing the maturing Charles in silhouette against the poignant background of his immigrant Catholic family, are convincing, even if sentimentalized; and though the sexual crises seem to smack too much of Dreiser, Charles's fearful marriage to the girl upstairs seems genuine enough. Of course, foxy Grandmother Lucie, banal Alderman Brabett, and Wulf Knudsen, the oafish apprentice-partner, are all mere props straight out of Dickens. But above and despite them, Charles and his father, Thomas, stand out in acutely human form. If only Zara's artistry had adequately disciplined his sympathies, "Give Us This Day" would certainly call for more than passing praise. As it is, however, Zara tacks his social consciousness on to the body of his narrative apparently as an afterthought; one is consequently left unmoved by focal incidents such as Charles's days on home relief, his unwitting scabbing and beating therefor, his doughnut-selling venture, his wife's death from exposure, topped finally by his unsuccessful community bakery and his own death. Neverthless, with this novel Zara's apprentice days are seemingly over. He should now have done with such technical exercises, dam up his sensibility, point his perceptions, and start cautiously on a novel befitting his indicated talent. LEIGH WHITE

BEYOND SING THE WOODS. By Trygve Gulbranssen. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

A stilted story of stereotyped passions, in which the Scandinavian tradition suffers a severe hardening of the arteries, "Beyond Sing the Woods" might well have been written in the period with which it is concerned—the fifty years which antedate the French Revolution. The author, Trygve Gulbranssen, one of the heads of his country's largest tobacco factory and an ardent advocate of sports education, has been content to let a complicated and conventional plot of inherited hates and ultimate repentance control his characters rather than, in the best tradition of Scandinavian storytelling, to permit his people to rule their destinies. The story of how the elder son of Bjorndal avenges his dead is too familiar to carry conviction, as is also the collection of Norwegian forest folk who appear desultorily in these pages. We have, for example, the ancient peasant who speaks in epigrams and without whose supervision the Yule-tide ale must sour and the candles sputter out; the haughty beauty upon whose disdainful lip the proud elder son cuts a kiss which never heals; the bear-baiting, woman-shy hero who requires a third party to wrest the affirmative answer from his beloved. It is the more regrettable that Mr. Gulbranssen should avail himself of such formulas since in the matter of identifying types he is by no means without philosophical insight. "Beyond Sing the Woods" has received exceptionally unkind handling in the inept translation of Naomi Walford, but it is unlikely that the original Norwegian, however vigorous, could have pumped much blood into Mr. Gulbranssen's puppets. VIRGINIA NIRDLINGER

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Letters to the Editors

REPUBLICAN SOCIAL SECURITY

Dear Sirs: I was very surprised to see your statement, in the issue of June 24, that the Republican social-security plank is "in advance of the Democratic Party in insisting that the revenues for social insurance should be derived from general taxation." You very properly add "although its qualifying phrase 'a direct tax widely distributed' sounds suspiciously like advocacy of a sales tax," but you fail to point out that the Republican program does not provide for social insurance at all as the phrase is generally understood.

Careful study of the Republican plank reveals that it is far less generous than the provisions of the Social Security Act, for it nowhere suggests giving aged people security *as a right.* Instead, there is to be a system of state-operated old-age pensions payable to people *in need.* Such a system already finds a place in the Social Security Act, where it exists, however, as a complementary scheme to the contributory plan. But whereas the pensions program in the act is to be financed out of general taxation (raised half by the federal government and half by the states) the Republicans would provide the funds for this less favorable type of security out of "the proceeds of a direct tax widely distributed." This may, as you point out, mean a sales tax, but it may also mean an income tax reaching down to the lowest income brackets, that is, a wage tax. Under the Social Security Act, however unsatisfactory may be the taxes which it levies on wages, those workers who pay at least get something in return. They obtain the right to old-age annuities with no questions asked about need and no necessity to take the pauper oath. Under the Republican plan they will pay taxes, and not only will they obtain no security as a right, but those people who live in states that pass no old-age pension laws will obtain no security at all even though they have paid a federal direct tax to finance old-age security.

The dual old-age security program in the present act is admittedly unsatisfactory in many respects. The Republicans offer in its place a single program which ingeniously combines some of the worst features of the present contributory and non-contributory schemes. Under it, workers could at best hope for the old-age pensions provided under the Social Security Act. And whereas under the present arrangement these pensions are financed out of general taxation, the Republicans, by a direct tax, would compel even the smallest income receiver to pay his share of this meager security.

EVELINE M. BURNS

North Sanbornton, N. H., June 25

[We find ourselves in complete agreement with Miss Burns's analysis of the Republican social-security plank. Our editorial did not contrast the illiberal Republican plank with the Social Security Act but with the party's complete silence on the subject in 1932. The fact that the Republicans happened to be sound, in principle, on one feature of social security is worthy of comment largely because of the reactionary nature of the platform as a whole.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

FOR THE INDEPENDENCE OF WRITERS

Dear Sirs: When Rupert Hughes wrote to *The Nation* in defense of his recent effort to break up the Screen Writers' Guild, he touched on many matters hardly worthy of comment, but his error in attributing to organized newspaper men and women a desire to hamper the fullest and freest expression should not be permitted to pass without denial.

Mr. Hughes wrote that he had staged his "personal revolt" when he detected that there was contemplated an "amalgamation of all guilds under a gigantic plan to organize and combine all writers in every field into one vast closed shop." And a little later he said that "if that amalgamation had succeeded and I had offended the ruling writers, I could have been debarred from shooting off steam not only in the movies, but in the magazines, newspapers, pamphlets, books, plays, the radio, television, everywhere. That was the grand plan." This is utterly untrue. An amalgamation of all guilds of persons in the writing field would have to embrace the Newspaper Guild. The guild's constitution provides that "no person shall be barred from membership, suspended, fined, expelled, or discriminated against by reason of sex, race, or religious or political convictions or because of anything he writes for publication."

In seeking closer cooperation with the Authors' League, the guild is interested in precisely the opposite objective to that charged by Mr. Hughes. It is desirous of assuring a greater freedom of expression. The guild has no desire to discipline the writers who make up its ranks or to interfere with their freedom of expression. It has never expressed any wish to exercise such discipline, and has not pursued a course leading in such a direction. It is not seeking a closed shop but a preferential shop. This is vastly different and leaves open the door to all who have a wish and a will to express themselves.

Mr. Hughes's insulting references to Heywood Broun will not mislead the newspapermen who know him and have a true estimate of his services; but on the chance that one reader of *The Nation* may have been misled, let me say that the members of the Newspaper Guild regard Mr. Broun as the most indefatigable worker in this country today in behalf of the development of an organization that will assure the independence of writers.

CARL RANDAU

New York, June 5

A PROBLEM IN PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

Dear Sirs: In your issue of June 24 there appeared a letter to the editors from Augusta Alpert, director of a private school now being formed. Your correspondent advocated that progressive private schools should encourage classes of twenty-five and thirty students instead of smaller groups, not primarily as a measure of economy but in order to prepare the child for the social scene outside.

I agree that classes of twenty-five or thirty are to be preferred to the usual public-school enrolment of forty to forty-five. But are they to be preferred to classes of fifteen or eighteen? Although classes of twenty-five or thirty may not do a great deal of harm to pupils in the fifth grade and higher, nevertheless the children in kindergarten and the lower primary grades are fortunate if they can receive more individual attention. These small children, stepping over the threshold of the highly individualized home life, need to be inducted gently, not en

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masse, into the complexities of social living. Their physical requirements alone make the care of large numbers difficult. They must learn how to dress, how to handle paints, hammers, saws, even how to eat without adult help. They should be given every opportunity to converse. It is obvious that these skills and habits can be acquired better and more quickly in a group of twelve or fifteen than in a group of twenty-five or thirty.

In the first grade when, in many schools, children begin to read, groupings of twenty-five or thirty work hardships on teachers and pupils alike. The individual differences are great, and the teacher often needs assistance. The same thing holds true in the grades where the beginnings of arithmetic or penmanship are taught. And can you visualize the chaos which would result in a modern school shop or art room if twenty-five or thirty pupils were working at one time on individual projects? Such a large grouping is possible only if all pupils are painting a daffodil or cutting out a Christmas tree. But that is not progressive education.

In a few progressive schools where there are large kindergarten and primary classes the children are subdivided into smaller groups under highly trained assistants. Other schools use the services of practice teachers from teacher-training schools, or of apprentices, and sometimes of volunteer lay workers. Thus such large classes are virtually aggregates of small units.

Finally, with reference to the statement concerning the preparation of the child "for the social scene outside," I would merely ask this: Is it wise to condition children or adults to an unfamiliar situation by introducing it at the very beginning in an exaggerated form?

JULIE W. NEUMANN, Director of the Brooklyn Ethical Culture School

Brooklyn, N. Y., July 1

CONTRIBUTORS

PAUL W. WARD is *The Nation's* regular Washington correspondent. His researches into Mr. Lemke's past are comparable to his disclosures on Governor Landon's labor record last week. They are part of a Washington commentary that is as bold as it is reliable.

J. B. S. HARDMAN is one of the ablest commentators on the American labor movement. He is editor of *Advance,* the journal of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, compiler of the symposium, "Labor Dynamics," and recently played a leading part in the Farmer-Labor convention at Chicago. He is at work on a book on "Labor and Power" for fall publication.

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JAMES RORTY was for some time a star copy-writer for Batten, Barton, Durstine, and Osborn. He was finally compelled to get it all off his chest in a book on the advertising racket entitled "Our Master's Voice."

HERMAN WOLF has had wide experience in the field of labor organization. He has been the editor of several labor papers and publicity director for various trade unions.

ALEXANDER KAUN, after spending a summer visiting Gorky, wrote a study of him entitled "Maxim Gorky and His Russia." An associate professor of Slavonic languages at the University of California, Mr. Kaun is also the author of "Russia Under Nicholas II" and of a critical study of Andreyev.

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